Уральский федеральный университет
имени первого Президента России Б. Н. Ельцина
Уральский гуманитарный институт

Т. В. КУПРИНА

# ENGLISH LANGUAGE: STYLISTICS AND ANALYTICAL READING

Учебно-методическое пособие

МИНИСТЕРСТВО НАУКИ И ВЫСШЕГО ОБРАЗОВАНИЯ
РОССИЙСКОЙ ФЕДЕРАЦИИ

УРАЛЬСКИЙ ФЕДЕРАЛЬНЫЙ УНИВЕРСИТЕТ
ИМЕНИ ПЕРВОГО ПРЕЗИДЕНТА РОССИИ Б. Н. ЕЛЬЦИНА

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Рекомендовано методическим советом
Уральского федерального университета
в качестве учебно-методического пособия
для студентов вуза, обучающихся
по направлению подготовки
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Учебно-методическое пособие содержит теоретический и практический материал, а также глоссарий основных лингвостилистических терминов, план и образец анализа текстов по дисциплине «Стилистика перевода». Отличительной особенностью пособия является модульная структура, включающая авторские исследования.

Предназначено для студентов, обучающихся по программе магистратуры, может эффективно использоваться при самостоятельной (дистанционной) работе студентов.

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# ПРЕДИСЛОВИЕ

Для комплексного изучения дисциплин «Стилистика» и «Стилистика перевода» необходимы как теоретические материалы (лекции), так и профессионально-ориентированные практические задания с целью дальнейшего совершенствования профессиональной литературно-аналитической компетенции обучаемых. В целом по дисциплинам «Стилистика» и «Стилистика перевода» существует определенный дефицит учебно-методического материала.

Учебно-методическое пособие **«English Language: Stylistics and Analytical Reading»** дополняет теоретический курс дисциплин «Стилистика» и «Стилистика перевода», предлагая профессионально-ориентированные практические задания. Кроме того, издание может быть использовано для проведения сравнительно-сопоставительного изучения иностранного (английского) и родного (русского) языков, что является его существенной особенностью.

Учебно-методическое пособие состоит из двух разделов. Первый раздел **«Seminars on Stylistics»** состоит из пяти глав, имеющих модульную структуру. Каждый модуль представляет определенную тему, предназначенную для теоретического обсуждения. Кроме того, он содержит аутентичные примеры из произведений различных литературных жанров с методическими указаниями для практического анализа фонетических, лексических, синтаксических стилистических средств.

Особое внимание уделяется классификации словарного состава английского и русского языков как взаимодействующих лингвистических систем. Данный подход обусловлен все большим проникновением англо-американских заимствований в лексическую систему

русского языка и их адаптацией к данной системе. Данная проблема имеет международный характер, так как подобные исследования ведутся в ряде стран ближнего и дальнего зарубежья.

Кроме того, в первой главе предлагается авторская классификация сфер проникновения англо-американских заимствований в русский язык и способов их образования. Одной из особенностей данной классификации является ее разработка в рамках НИРС совместно со студентами специальности «Лингвистика». Данная классификация прошла апробацию как на международных конференциях, так и в зарубежных изданиях, где получила высокую оценку.

Второй раздел учебно-методического пособия «**Analytical Reading**» состоит из глав, предлагающих к анализу тексты различных жанров. Тексты снабжены комментариями и заданиями, обобщающими теоретические знания и практические навыки анализа текстов.

Учебно-методическое пособие снабжено глоссарием, включающим стилистические термины, планом стилистического анализа текстов и конкретным примером такого анализа.

В данном издании использованы материалы пособий «Seminars on Stylistics»* и «Аналитическое чтение»**.

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* См.: *Kuprina T. V.* Seminars on Stylistics : учеб.-метод. пособие : в 2 ч. Ч. 1 : Course Book. Екатеринбург : Третья столица, 2008.

** См.: *Куприна Т. В.* Аналитическое чтение : учеб.-метод. пособие. Екатеринбург : ГОУ ВПО УГТУ-УПИ, 2004.

# Unit I
# SEMINARS ON STYLISTICS

## Seminar 1
## (2 hours)
## THE SUBJECT OF STYLISTICS

Despite going back to ancient rhetoric, the subject of Stylistics is controversial. Even the term "Stylistics" is considered to be a mistake by some scholars and they offer another term "Linguo-Stylistics" to distinguish from "Literary Stylistics". The word "style" is polysemantic. Even when this word is applied to the language it may have different meanings. The utilitarian meaning of the word is the ability to write correctly. It may also denote the distinctive manner of the author. Stylistics is closely connected with Lexicology, Grammar, Phonetics, the History of Language. We may speak about the preference which a certain author gives to a certain layer of the vocabulary. So, the object and tasks of Stylistics are open to discussion up to the present day.

**Be prepared to answer the following options**

1. The subject of Stylistics. Present opinions of different scholars.
2. The connection of Stylistics with other branches of linguistics.
3. The notion of a level.
4. The main interests of Stylistics (phonetic, lexical, expressive).
5. The development of the functional style.

## Seminar 2
## (4 hours)
## STYLISTIC STRATIFICATION OF VOCABULARY

The vocabulary of any language doesn't present the stylistic whole. It's stratified into different stylistic levels. Besides traditional subdivision special attention must be paid to a huge amount of Anglo-American neologisms in the Russian language which may present some difficulties for translators. On the one hand, sometimes there are no substitutions for them in Russian as they denote new phenomena which didn't exist some years ago and the translation is rather bulky. But on the other, there is a certain abuse of their usage. The problem concerns many languages all over the world. Thus, we can read, for example, about Denglish (Deutsch + English), Romglish (Romanian + English), Renglish (Russian + English) etc.

Business and virtual spheres are the main sources of borrowing. The complexity of this problem is justified by numerous discussions. Thus, in one of TV-programs devoted to the 'purity' of the Russian language the issue of translation of the word combination *e-mail* was discussed. Among others, the equivalent *электронная почта* was proposed. However, after a deeper analysis one can detect that the word *электрон* has originated from the English language descending from a Greek root, and the word *почта* was borrowed from Italian through the Polish language. Thus while such phenomenon exists, it has no native Russian definition. As the examples of the definitions can be named such words as *e-mail*, *электронка* and even *мыло*, the verb *мылить*, i. e. to write or send a message by e-mail. For example, *Отмыль мне, что там у вас происходит.*

*Carnival* can be considered as a specific emotional and expressive function of the modern jargon. It consists of almost indispensable, obligatory introduction of ironic and/or humorous connotative elements in the semantics of jargon units. A new unit is included not only on the thematic ground, but also depending on the presence of a certain grain of irony.

Thus the duality of the jargon manifests itself. To know it is rather prestigious. However, learning the part of the jargon bordering on the computer/business technologies is most laborious and is intelligible

to few people. As a result, literary words and professional terms obtain carnival, ironically lowered synonyms. In this case 'carnival' is also an essential condition, and a ground for a new coinage.

Analyzing different mass media materials, we can offer the classification of spheres and word-building of Anglo-American borrowings used in the Russian language.

***The classification of spheres of Anglo-American borrowings***

**1. The names of clubs and fitness centers.** «RealFit» («РеалФит»), «E-motion Dance Studio», «Gold Sun», «Men's Club 007», «Crazy Park».

**2. The names of companies and shops.** «Nova-Строй», «КАБiNET», «ОлГуд».

**3. Advertisement.** «Charge-N-Go» («Чардж-Н-Гоу»), «УралVIPсилинг», «КомFORтное Ме100 %», «С Новым Годом! С Новым Шопингом! Fashion and Russian, бизнес-ланч, all night Free, Лучшие горы, лучшие склоны. Welcome! Sale! WOW!», «Never Hide».

**4. Anecdotes and jokes.**

К хорошему работнику на Новый Год приходит Дед Мороз, а к плохому — Дед Лайн.

В Англии у Робин Гуда был брат-близнец — Робин Бэд. Он грабил бедных и раздавал деньги богатым. И так они гоняли бабло по кругу, и именно поэтому в Англии сейчас один из самых высоких уровней жизни.

**5. Fiction.**

Их лав стори началась как заурядный роман (В. С. Токарева «За рекой, за лесом»).

Семочке достался шикарный сингл с розовым паласом и бежевой мебелью… Дабл выполнен под старину (О. НеРобкая «Иметь банкира. Столичная Love Story»).

Т. Огородникова «Рублевка live. Брачный коNтракт, или Who is Ху…»; К. Собчак, О. Робски «Zамуж за миллионера»; Н. Маркович «Anti casual. Уволена, блин»; Н. Нечаева «Miss Медиа»; О. НеРобкая «Иметь банкира. Столичная Love Story»; С. Минаев «The телки».

**6. Journalistic articles and headlines.**

SALE. Любите бывать на распродажах? Регулярно заглядываете в стоковые отделы? В январе самое время для выгодного шопинга.

Тем более что брендовые магазины распродают свои коллекции со значительными скидками.

Не нравятся подарки? — составь свой wish list!

**7. The names of films and TV shows.**

«В январе будет ЖАRA», «Флэшка», «Сталин Live», «Umanetto», «Наша Russia», «Рублевка Live», «Comedy Club».

**8. Interviews.**

Designer S. Teplov:

— Мне обычно не нравится total look — полный образ от одного дизайнера.

— Стритстайл, который сочетает в себе удобство, юмор и тенденции. Must have сезона — брюки.

E. Enin (the 4th TV channel):

Привет всем, купившим флэт по ипотеке!

**9. Horoscopes.**

Овен. Получите драйв на катке и лыжне, в кино — на экшн.

Телец. Узнайте, что такое дебет, кредит и маржа («Телешоу», № 52, 2006).

**10. On the radio.**

Необходимо подвести дедлайны.

Все реалити-шоу — полный трэш.

**According to the structure of word-building we can determine the following forms.**

**1. Insertions** — the introduction of separate elements:

В январе будет ЖА*R*А

Рублевка love. Брачный ко*N*тракт, или Who is Ху… (Т. Огородникова)

*Z*амуж за миллионера (К. Собчак, О. Робски).

*RAZ*орвем цены (реклама компании «Евросеть»)

**2. Complete borrowings** — the usage of the original words and word-combinations:

Sale! WOW!

Fashion and Russian, бизнес-ланч, all night Free

Zoomarket Animal Life and Sport (A. L. S.)

**3. Transcription** — according to their pronunciation in English:

Привет всем, купившим *флэт* по ипотеке! (Е. Енин, 4 телеканал); Валютный *трейдер* (a job offer); мувинговая компания «Три богатыря» (грузоперевозки).

Их *лав стори* началась как заурядный роман (В. С. Токарева «За рекой, за лесом»).

**4. Compounds — consisting of Russian, English and transcribed variants:**

«УралVIPсилинг»; «Nova-Строй»; «КАБiNET».

**5. Compounds with numbers and money symbols:**

«КомFORтное Ме100 %»; «4U»; «Капкан для $амца» (Д. Катлер); «Чему не учат в российских школах бизне$а» (С. Богаченко).

**6. Linguistic aggression consisting of Anglo-American borrowings and jargon.** In modern theory this phenomenon is called linguistic aggression. It can be both implicit (neutral words used in their figurative meaning) and explicit (words with their vulgar meaning).

Eu. Kiselyov about «Eurovision»:

«Когда я услышал снова про то, что "православно-славянская цивилизация одержала верх над загнивающим Западом", понял, что всё, трындец. Пипл, конечно, хавает, но планку так можно опускать до бесконечности».

Designer S. Teplov:

«Если бы мы были в 95, сканало бы за комплект для большого рэйва или какого-нибудь опенэйра».

It should be mentioned that some Anglo-American borrowings have begun to form so-called strings with one and the same root and often according to Russian word-building structure. Compare: *шоп — шопинг — шопоголик — шопер — шопинговать*. In some advertisements we can find words analogically formed. Compare: *шуб(б)инг. Все на шуббинг!*

Besides, we can often notice that a lot of advertisements contain a pun. It has become a peculiar feature not only of the Russian language but, for example, Czech or Hungarian ones. Compare advertisements with special graphical intensifiers at the airports:

We want Ernest and ***You***ng for advisory.

Ernest and ***You***ng have a lot of friends.

Ernest and ***You***ng have your ticket for success.

**Be prepared to answer the following options**

1. Stylistic levels of the vocabulary.

2. The formal stratum of the vocabulary (learned or bookish words, poetic words, archaisms, barbarisms and foreign words).

3. The informal or colloquial stratum of the vocabulary (literary or standard colloquial, familiar colloquial).

4. Differentiate the following strata: slang, jargon, cant, vulgarisms.

**Practical tasks**

***State the types and functions of the following strata and translate the examples***

1. I was surprised to see Heathcliff there also. He stood by the fire, his back towards me, just finishing a stormy scene to poor Zillah, who ever and anon interrupted her labour to pluck up the corner of her apron, and heave an indignant groan…

"Thou art the Man!" cried Jabes, after a solemn pause, leaning over his cushion. "Seventy times seven times didst thou gapingly contort thy visage — seventy times seven did I take council with my soul! — Lo! This is human weakness: this also may be absolved! The first of the seventy-first is come. Brethren — execute upon him the judgement written. Such honour have all His saints!" (E. Br.)

2. Anon she murmured, "Guido" — and bewhiles a deep sigh rent her breast… She was begirt with a flowing kirtle of deep blue, bebound with a belt, bebuckled with silvern clasp, while about her waist a stomacher of point lace ended in a ruffled farthingale at her throat. On her head she bore a sugar-loaf hat shaped like an extinguisher and pointing backward at an angle of 45 degrees. "Guido," she murmured, "Guido." And erstwhile she would wring her hands as one distraught and mutter, "He cometh not." (L.)

3. If manners maketh man, then manner and grooming maketh poodle. (St.)

4. "He of the iron garment," said Daigety, entering, "is bound unto you, MacEagh, and this noble lord shall be bounden also." (W. Sc.)

5. She caught herself criticizing his belief that, since his joke about trying to keep her out of the poorhouse had once been accepted as admirable humor, it should continue to be his daily *bon mont*. (S. L.)

6. Then, of course, there ought to be one or two outsiders — just to give the thing a *bona fide* appearance. (Ch.)

7. Yates remained serious. "We have time, Herr Zippmann, to try your *schnapps*. Are there German troops in *Neustadt*?" — "No, Herr Offizier, that's just what I've to tell you. This morning, four gentlemen in all, we went out of *Neustadt* to meet the *Herren Amerikaner*." (St. H.)

8. …don't you go to him for anything more serious than a pendectomy of the left ear or strabismus of the cardiograph. (S. L.)

9. …he rode up to the campus, arranged for a room in the graduate dormitory and went at once to the empty Physics building. (M. W.)

10. Didn't you believe that neutron existed? — Oh, I believed. To me neutrons were symbols, *n* with a mass of m = 1.008. But until now I never saw them. (M. W.)

11. I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you, I'll unget you! And damn me, if ever I call you back again! (Sh.)

12. His youngness and singlemindedness were obvious enough. (S.)

13. For a headful of reasons I refuse. (T. C.)

14. I love you mucher. — Plenty mucher? Me tooer. (J. Br.)

15. "My children, my defrauded, swindled infants!" cried Mrs. Renwigs. (D.)

16. He is always in extremes; perpetually in the superlative degree. (D.)

17. Есть один закон, что show must go on. (А. Цикало. Новый год на Первом)

18. Что cool, то имеет успех. — Это мой журнал, и я решаю, что cool, а что нет. — Это cool? — Cool. То, что шокирует, cool, а что cool, то продается (к/ф «Глянец»).

19. Будь Cooltурней и люди к тебе потянутся (надпись на открытке).

20. Поухаживай за ней, а то у нее сейчас нет бойфренда (к/ф «Глянец»).

21. Мы должны искать winning strategies (А. Фурсенко, бывший министр образования и науки).

***Differentiate the following strata:***

1. Bejees, if you think you can play me for an easy mark, you've come to the wrong house. No one ever played Harry Hope for sucker! (O'N)

2. A cove couldn't be too careful. (D. C.)

3. I've often thought you'd make a corking good actress. (Dr.)

4. "George," she said, "you're a rotten liar… The part about the peace of Europe is all bosh."

5. She came in one night, plastered, with a sun-burned man, also plastered. (J. O'H)

6. "Poor son of bitch," he said. "I feel for him, and I am sorry I was bastardly. (J.)

7. I'm no damned fool! I couldn't go on believing forever that gang was going to change the world by shooting off their loud traps on soapboxes and sneaking around blowing up a lousy building or a bridge! I got wise, it was all a crazy pipe dream. (O'N)

8. How are you, Cartwright? This is the very devil of business, you know. The very devil of a business. (Ch.)

9. ***Determine the stratum. Restore the English words and translate them into Russian.***

Аддишен, азеры, апдейтить, апликуха, аттрактивность, баить, борд, бэкапить, вижуалайзнуть, гайзы, гона, дедактить, диспоузить, драгендропнуть, заапдейтить, заапрувить, задилэить, закомплитить, законфе(о)рмить, залупить, замерджить, запоустить, запровайдить, зарефандить, засейвить, засетапить, зашарить, зашетемеэлить, заэксидить, икспенсы, имадж, кавеатить, канцелять, кастомер, кастомайзить, квалиашурить, ки персон, комплайенсить, конс(з)умер, коучить, ланчевать, мисапроприировать, мискомьюникировать, митинг, мониторить, обэксайтиться, отассессить, отклирить пойнты, отревьюировать, оттрейсить, отхэппибездить, офер, передрагендропнуть, перманентный, пифомить, постить / запостить, по/прочекать, проперть, пропоусал, ре/зареконсайлить, ремайндер, ресепшн, сапортить, скилляться, скилы / скилзы, скипать, съэджастить / заэджастить, темплейт, тикьюэмить, траблмейкер, тракить баги, форвардить, форенер, фрешнуть, фродить, хэд, чекиниться, челенджить, экспенсировать, экспирация [Почти серьезный словарь…, с. 99–126].

10. ***Determine the type of jargonisms. Decode into the neutral language.***

a) Давненько на нашей адженде стоял вопрос, да все кейса подходящего не было.

b) Клерки:

— Ну что, подошла пучеглазка?

— Нет, папа нереальный вернул на доработку. У него кокосы были, посмотрели и уехали несатисфакнутые.

— Да мы же все зафакапим! А как же йилдовая курва?

c) — Ну че, на волю дошла малява?

— Нет, маз не покатил. На шмон нарвался, но маляву скинул, и менты кайф не словили.

— Атас — где бабло теперь брать будем?

d) А между прочим, я давно хочу сменить нашего Мишу, он мышей не ловит, — задумчиво проговорила Ирина.

e) Разговор в магазине.

— Вот видишь, какие хакнутые яблоки продают.

f) — Пошли мне завтра подробное мыло, договорились?

— …Илюш, я спешу, все, пока, до мыла.

g) Не USB мне мозги!

h) Был после пресс-релиза какой-нибудь фидбэк?

i) Быть на сайте. / Я на сайте. / Отзвонюсь с сайта. / Фольксваген долго тянул с сайтом. / Что на сайте творится, в Москве не ведают.

j) В современном *шоу* должен быть *драйв*, *экшн*, если мы хотим обеспечить *реальный постпродакшн*, нужен мощный *промоушн*, чтобы был *бренд* и не было *ребрендинга*. Понятно? — Нет. — Вот именно.

## Seminar 3
## (2 hours)
## PHONETIC EXPRESSIVE MEANS AND STYLISTIC DEVICES

The influence on the reader or listener is produced at each language level starting with the phonetic one. The modern science "Phonosemantics" offers different meanings of sounds corresponding to the associations of native speakers.

For example, the Romanian investigator Mircea Eliade [Мирче Элиаде] (1907–1986) characterizes the shamans' language as the imitation of birds' and animals' cries, "Как правило во время ритуала шаман говорит высоким голосом, используя лишь "головной резонатор", или фальцетом, показывая этим, что говорит не он, а дух или бог. Но необходимо отметить, что такой же высокий голос обычно используется для монотонно-распевного произнесения магических заклинаний. *Магический и распевный* — в особенности, в птичьей манере исполнения — часто выражаются одним и тем же термином. Германская вокабула для магического заклинания будет *galdr*, часто употребляемое с глаголом *galan*, "петь", термин, в основном применяемый в отношении крика птиц" [Почепцов, с. 323].

Phonetic expressive means deal with the sound changing of the utterance and are mainly found in poetry. Graphical fixation of phonetic peculiarities of pronunciation with the ensuing violation of the accepted spelling — *graphon* — is characteristic of prose and is used to indicate blurred, incoherent or careless pronunciation, caused by temporary (tender age, intoxication, ignorance of discussed theme, etc) or by permanent factors (social, territorial, educational status).

В январе 2007 г. на телеэкранах нашей страны появилась комедия Э. А. Рязанова «Карнавальная ночь — 2, или 50 лет спустя». Телеверсия является продолжением кинокомедии «Карнавальная ночь» (1956), имевшей колоссальный успех. В частности, в речи одной из героинь (стоматолога) мы можем наблюдать следующее фоносемантическое явление:

*З*а размы*ш*лениями, немало прове*д*я *ч*ас*о*в,
Я *ч*елове*ч*ество познала *с*о *с*тороны его *зуб*ов.

*Зуб*ами *щ*елкать мы умеем,
На полки *зуб*ы мы кла*д*ем,
Мы на кого-то *зуб* имеем,
Кому-то по *зуб*ам *д*аем,
*Б*еречь нам *зуб*ы на*д*о на*ш*и,
А *с*калить их не на*д*о нам,
О них *с*ложила я *б б*алла*д*у,
Но это мне не по *зуб*ам.

**Be prepared to discuss the following options**

1. General notions. Stress and Intonation.
2. Euphony, alliteration, onomatopoeia.
3. Rhyme and rhythm.

**Practical tasks**

***Indicate the following phonetic stylistic devices and their effects***

1. Both were flushed, fluttered and rumpled, by the late scuffle. (D.)
2. — Luscious, languid and lustful, isn't she?
— Those are not the correct epithets. She is — or rather was — surly, lustrous and sadistic. (E. W.)
3. The wicky, wacky, wocky bird,
He sings a song that can't be heard…
He sings a song that can't be heard.
The wicky, wacky, wocky bird.
The wicky, wacky, wocky mouse,
He built himself a little house…
But snug he lived inside his house,
The wicky, wacky, wocky mouse. (M. N.)
4. State the phonetic stylistic device and the part of speech it expressed.
a) Then with an enormous, shattering rumble, sludge — puff sludge… puff, the train came into the station. (A. C.)
b) I hope it comes and zzzzzz everything before it. (Th. W.)
c) I had only this one year of working without shhh! (D. C.)
5. Analyze the cases of graphons and indicate the causes which produced the mispronunciation or misinterpretation of a word (age, lack of education, intoxication, stutter, etc).

a) My daddy's coming tomorrow on a nairplane. (S.)

b) He spoke with the flat ugly "a" and withered "r" of Boston Irish, and Levy looked up at him and mimicked "All right, I'll give the caaads a break and staaat playing." (N. M.)

c) Ford automobile operates on a rev- rev- a- lu- shun- ary principle. (S. T.)

d) Next morning the children made a celebration and spent time writing on the blackboard, "We lov ar ticher." (K. A. P.)

e) Wuddaya think she's doing out there? (S.)

f) You look awful — whatsamatter with your face? (J. K.)

## Seminar 4
## (4 hours)
## LEXICAL EXPRESSIVE MEANS AND STYLISTIC DEVICES

The main peculiar feature of a stylistic device is the binary opposition of two meanings of the unit; one of which is normatively fixed in the language and does not depend upon the context, while the other one originates within a certain context and is contextual.

**Be prepared to discuss the following options**

1. Interaction of primary dictionary and contextually imposed meanings. Metaphor, metonymy, irony.

2. Interaction of primary and derivative logical meanings. Stylistic devices based on polysemantic effect, zeugma, pun.

3. Interaction of logical and emotive/nominative meanings. Interjections, exclamatory words, epithets, oxymoron, antonomasia.

4. Intensification of a certain feature of a thing or phenomenon. Simile, periphrasis, euphemism, hyperbole.

5. Peculiar use of set expressions. The cliché, proverbs and sayings, epigrams, quotations, allusions, decomposition of set phrases.

**Practical tasks**

***Indicate the following lexical stylistic devices and their effects***

1. She had no illusions about him. In her business Joes were necessary. (St.)

2. He took no little satisfaction in telling of each Mary, shortly after she arrived, something of what the art of the thing required. (Dr.)

3. I was forgetting that you had such a reputation as Sherlock. (D. S.)

4. ***Indicate the stylistic device and the leading feature of the personages characterized by the following "speaking names".***

Mr. Gradgrind (D.), Mr. Goldfinger (Fl.), Becky Sharp (Th.), Bosinney the Bucanneer (G.), Lady Teazle, Joseph Surface, Mr. Carefree, Miss Languish, Mr. Backbite, Mr. Snake, Mr. Credulous (Sh.), Holyday Golightly (T. C.), Mr. Butt, Mrs. Newrich, Mr. Beanhead (L.)

5. The clock had struck, time was bleeding away. (A. H.)

6. Money burns a hole in my pocket. (T. C.)

7. The slash of sun on the wall above him slowly knifes down, cut across his chest, becomes a coin on the floor and vanishes. (U.)

8. There, at the very core of London, in the heart of its business and animation, in the midst of whirl of noise and notion… stands Newgate. (D.)

9. England has two eyes, Oxford and Cambridge. They are the two eyes of England, and two intellectual eyes. (Ch. T.)

10. Beauty is but a flower which wrinkles will devour. (O. N.)

11. She saw around her, clustered about the white tables, multitudes of violently red lips, powdered cheeks, cold, hard eyes, self-possessed arrogant faces and insolent bosoms. (A. B.)

12. You've got nobody to blame but yourself.
The saddest words of tongue or pen. (I. Sh.)

13. Scepter and crown must tumble down.
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade. (Shel.)

14. I get my living by the sweat of my brow. (D.)

15. I crossed a high toll bridge and negotiated a no man's land and came to the place where the Stars and Stripes stood shoulder to shoulder with the Union Jack. (St.)

16. She was sunny, happy sort of creature. Too fond of the bottle. (Ch.)

17. There had to be a survey. It cost me a few hundred pounds for right pockets. (Fl.)

18. Stoney smiled the sweet smile of an alligator. (St.)

19. Henry could get gloriously tipsy on tea and conversation. (A. N.)

20. But every Englishman is born with a certain miraculous power that makes him master of the world. As a great champion of freedom and national independence he conquers and annexes half the world and calls it Colonization. (B. Sh.)

21. England has been in a dreadful state for some weeks. Lord Coodle would go out, Sir Thomas Doodle wouldn't come in, and there being nobody in Great Britain (to speak of) except Coodle and Doodle, there has been no Government. (D.)

22. God, I cried buckets. I saw it ten times. (T. A.)

23. Her family is one aunt about a thousand years old. (Sc. F.)

24. There were about twenty people at the party, most of whom I hadn't met before. The girls were dressed to kill. (J. Br.)

25. He'll go to sleep, my God he should, eight martinis before dinner and enough wine to wash an elephant. (T. C.)

26. She has a nose that's at least three inches too long. (F. H.)

27. Those three words "Dombey and Son" conveyed the one idea of Mr. Dombey's life. The earth was made for Dombey and Son to trade in, and the sun and moon were made to give them light. Rivers and seas were formed to float their ships; rainbows gave them promise of fair weather; winds blew for or against their enterprises; stars and planets circled in their orbits to preserve a system of which they were the centre. Common abbreviations took new meanings in his eyes and sole reference to them: A.D. had no concern with Anno Domini, but stood for Anno Dombey and Son. (D.)

28. The girl gave him a lipsticky smile. (S.)

29. The day was windless, unnaturally mild; since morning the sun had tried to penetrate the cloud, and now above the Mall, the sky was still faintly luminous, coloured like water over sand. (Hut.)

30. I closed my eyes, smelling the sunshine-in-the-breakfast-room smell of her lavender-water. (J. Br.)

31. At his full height he was only up to her shoulder, a little dried-up pippin of a man. (G.)

32. A lock of hair fell over her eye and she pushed it back with a tired, end-of-the-day gesture. (J. Br.)

33. "Now my soul, my gentle, captivating, bewitching and most damnably enslaving chick-a-biddy, be calm," said Mr. Mantalini. (D.)

34. It was an old, musty, fusty, narrow-minded, clean and bitter room. (R. Ch.)

35. Liza Hamilton was a very different kettle of Irish. Her head was small and round and it held small and round convictions. (St.)

36. He would sit on the railless porch with the men when the long, tired, dirty-faced evening rolled down the narrow valley, thankfully blotting out the streets of snacks, and listen to talk. (J.)

37. It was an unanswerable reply and the silence prevailed again. (D.)

38. The little girl who had done this was eleven — beautifully ugly. (Sc. F.)

39. "Tastes like rotten apples," said Adam. "Yes, but remember, Jam Hamilton said like good rotten apples." (St.)

40. Huck Finn and Holden Caulfield are Good Bad Boys of American literature. (V.)

41. Mr. Stiggins took his hat and his leave. (D.)

42. The fat boy went into the next room; and having been absent about a minute, returned with the snuff — box and the palest face that ever a fat boy wore. (D.)

43. She had her breakfast and her bath. (S. M.)

44. A young girl who had a yellow smoke and a cold in the head that did not go on too well together, was helping an old lady. (P.)

45. Its atmosphere and crockery were thick, its napery and soup were thin. (O. H.)

46. His disease consisted of spots, bed, honey in spoons, tangerine oranges and high temperature. (G.)

47. But she heard and remembered discussions of Freud, Romain Rolland, syndicalism, the Confederation Generale du Travail, feminism vs. haremism, Chinese lyrics, naturalization of mines, Christian Science, and fishing in Ontario. (S. L.)

48. Lord G.: I am going to give you some good advice.

Mrs. Ch.: Oh! Pray don't One should never give a woman anything that she can't wear in the evening. (O. W.)

49. For a time she put a Red Cross uniform and met other ladies similarly dressed in an armory, where bandage was rolled and reputations unrolled. (St)

50. Besides, your name isn't Jack at all; it is Ernest… You have always told me it was Ernest. I have introduced you to every one as Ernest. You look as if your name was Ernest. You are the most earnest-looking person I ever saw in my life. It is perfectly absurd your saying that your name isn't Ernest. (O. W.)

## Seminar 5
## (4 hours)
## SYNTACTICAL EXPRESSIVE MEANS AND STYLISTIC DEVICES

Syntactical stylistic devices deal with the syntactical arrangement of the utterance which creates the emphasis of the latter. It should be mentioned that oral speech is normally more emphatic than the written type of speech. Various syntactical structures deliberately employed by the author as stylistic devices for the creation of the proper effect, in oral speech are used automatically as a norm of oral intercourse. But when these syntactical oral norms are intentionally imitated by the writer to produce the effect of authenticity and naturalness of dialogue we may speak of his preliminary deliberate choice of the most suitable structures and of their preconceived usage, i. e. syntactical norms of oral speech, interpreted and arranged by the writer, become stylistic devices in belles-lettres style. Their preliminary function is to convey the effect of ease and naturalness of the characters' speech.

**Be prepared to discuss the following options**

1. The composition of spans of utterance larger than the sentence. Supra-phrasal units, the paragraph.

2. Compositional patterns of syntactical arrangement. Stylistic inversion, detached construction, parallel construction, chiasmus, repetition, enumeration, suspense, climax, antithesis.

3. Particular ways of combining parts of the utterance (linkage). Asyndeton, polysyndeton, the gap-sentence link.

4. Particular use of colloquial constructions. Ellipsis, aposiopesis, question-in-the-narrative, uttered/unuttered represented speech.

5. Stylistic use of structural meaning. Rhetorical questions, litotes.

**Practical tasks**

***Indicate the following syntactical stylistic devices and their effects***

1. Out came the chaise — in went the horses — on sprung the boys — in got the travelers. (D.)

2. Gay and merry was the time; and right gay and merry were at least four of numerous hearts that were gladdened by its coming. (D.)

3. How should a highborn lady be known from a sunburnt milk-maid, save that spears are broken for the one, and only hazelpoles shattered for others? (W. Sc.)

4. Who will be open where there is no sympathy, or has call to speak to those who never can understand? (Th.)

5. It was I was a father to you. (S. B.)

6. Everyone found him attractive. It was his temper let him down. (Ch.)

7. A poor boy. No father, no mother, no any one. (D.)

8. We have never been readers in our family. It doesn't pay. Stuff. Idleness. Folly. No, no. (D.)

9. A dark gentleman. A very bad manner. In the last degree constrained, reserved, diffident, troubled. (D.)

10. "Very windy, isn't it?" said Strachan, when the silence had lasted some time.

"Very," said Wimsey.

"But it's not raining," pursued Strachan.

"Not yet," said Wimsey.

"Better than yesterday," said Strachan.

"Tons better. Really you know."

"Oh, well," said Strachan.

"How long have you been on that?"

"About an hour," said Strachan. (D. S.)

11. She narrowed her eyes a trifle at me and said I looked exactly like Celia Briganza's boy. Around the mouth. (S.)

12. And life would move slowly and excitingly. With much laughter and much shouting and talking and much drinking and much fighting. (P. A.)

13. I have to beg you for money. Daily! (S. L.)

14. And Fleur — charming in her jade-green wrapper-tucked a corner of her lip behind a tooth, and went back to her room to finish dressing. (G.)

15. Well, they'll get a chance now to show. — I don't mean. — But let's forget that. (O'N.)

16. She must leave — or — or, better yet — maybe drown herself — make away with herself in some way — or —. (Dr.)

17. Whatever might happen, that was the only way to salvation — to stay, to trust Emily, to make himself believe that with the help of the children… (P. Q.)

18. All this Mrs. Snagsby, as an injured woman and the friend of Mrs. Chadband, and the follower of Mr. Chadband, and the mourner of the late Mr. Tulkinghorn, is here to certify. (D.)

19. I have been accused of bad taste. This has disturbed me, not so much for my own sake (since I am used to the sights and arrows of outrageous fortune) as for the sake of criticism in general. (S. M.)

20. "If you had any part — I don't say what — in this attack," pursued the boy, "or if you know anything about it — I don't say how much — or if you know who did it — I go no closer — you did an injury to me that's never to be forgiven." (D.)

21. The photograph of Lotta Lindbeck he tore into small bits across and across and across. (E. F.)

22. You know — how brilliant he is, what he should be doing. And it hurts me. It hurts me every day of my life. (W. D.)

23. It were better that he knew nothing. Better for common sense, better for him, better for me. (D.)

24. She unchained, unbolted and unlocked the door. (A. B.)

25. Laughing, crying, cheering, chaffing, singing, David Rossi's people brought him home in triumph. (H. C.)

26. The doctor's friend was in the positive degree of hoarseness, red-facedness, all-fours, tobacco, dirt and brandy; the doctor in the comparative — hoarser, puffier, more red-faced, more all-foury, tobaccoer, dirtier and brandier. (D.)

27. It was Mr. Squeers's custom to make a sort of report regarding the relations and friends he had seen, the news he had heard, the letters he had brought down, the bills which had been paid, the accounts which had been unpaid, and so forth. (D.)

28. You know I am very grateful to him; don't you? You know I feel a true respect for him; don't you? (D.)

29. The sky was dark and gloomy, the air damp and raw, the streets wet and sloppy. (D.)

30. Passage after passage did he explore; room after room did he peep into. (D.)

31. I know the world and the world knows me. (D.)

32. There are so many sons who won't have anything in to do with their fathers, and so many fathers who won't speak to their sons. (O. W.)

33. I looked at the gun and the gun looked at me. (R. Ch.)

34. And the coach, and the coachman, and the horses, rattled, and jangled, and whipped, and cursed, and swore, and tumbled on together, till they came to Golden Square. (D.)

35. …and they wore their best and more colourful clothes. Red shirts and green shirts and yellow shirts and pink shirts. (P. A.)

36. Mr. Richard, or his beautiful cousin, or both, could sign something, or make over something, or give some sort of undertaking, or pledge, or bond? (D.)

37. The pulsating motion of Malay Camp at night was everywhere. People sang. People cried. People fought. People loved. People hated. Others were sad. Others gay. Others with friends. Others lonely. Some died. Some were born. (P. A.)

38. Through his brain, slowly, shifted the things they had done together. Walking together. Dancing together. Sitting silent together. Watching people together. (P. A.)

39. What I have always said, and what I always shall say, is, that this ante-post betting is a mistake, an error, and a mug's game. (P. G. W.)

40. He was numbed. He wanted to weep, to vomit, to die, to sink away. (A. B.)

41. A storm's coming up. A hurricane. A deluge. (Th. W.)

42. Of course it's important. Incredibly, urgently, desperately important. (D. S.)

43. Don't use big words. They mean so little. (O. W.)

43. Mrs. Nork had a large home and a small husband. (S. L.)

44. He ordered a bottle of the worst possible port wine, at the highest possible price. (D.)

45. In marriage the upkeep of woman is often the downfall of man. (E.)

46. It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair; we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way — in short the period was so far like the present period, that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received for good or for evil, in the superlative degree of comparison only. (D.)

47. I am not unmindful of the fact that I owe you ten dollars. (J. O'H.)

48. In sharp, determined way her face was not unhandsome. (A. H.)

49. His sister was in favor of this obvious enthusiasm on the part of her brother, although she was not unaware that her brother more and more gave her the status of a privileged governess. (J. O'H.)

50. "It's not too bad," Jack said, vaguely defending the last ten years. (I. Sh.)

51. She went on to say that she wanted all her children absorb the meaning of the words they sang, not just mouth them, like silly-billy parrots. (S.)

52. That's the place where we are to lunch; and by Jove, there's the boy with the basket, punctual as clock-work. (D.)

53. I left her laughing. The sound was like a hen having hiccups. (R. Ch.)

54. His memory of those times was like a house where no one lives and where the furniture has rotted away. But tonight it was as if lamps had been lighted through all gloomy dead rooms. (T. C.)

55. His arm about her, he led her in and bawled, “Ladies and worser halves, the bride!” (S. L.)

56. Jean nodded without turning and slid between two vermilion-coloured buses so that two drivers simultaneously used the same qualitative word. (G.)

57. He would make some money and then he would come back and marry his dream from Blackwood. (Dr.)

58. “That elegant connection of ours — that dear lady who was here yesterday — .”

“I understand,” said Arthur. “Even that affable and condescending ornament of society,” pursued Mr. Meagles, “ may misrepresent us, we are afraid.” (D.)

59. In the inns Utopians were shouting the universe into order over beer, and in the halls and parks the dignity of England was being preserved in a fitting manners. (A. B.)

60. Then he would bring her back with him to New York — he, Eugene Wilta, already famous in the East. Already the lure of the big eastern city was in his mind, its palaces, its wealth, its fame. It was the great world he knew, this side of Paris and London. He would go to it now, shortly. What would he be there? How great? How soon? So he dreamed. (Dr.)

61. — So I’ve come to be servant to you.

— How much do you want?

— I don’t know. My keep, I suppose.

Yes, she could cook. Yes, she could wash. Yes, she could mend, she could darn. She knew how to shop a market. (D. M.)

# Unit II
# ANALYTICAL READING

## FUNCTIONAL STYLES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

The English language has enveloped a number of functional styles easily distinguishable from one another. They are not homogeneous and fall into several variants, all having some central point of resemblance or all integrated by the invariant, i. e. the abstract ideal system.

The development of each style is predetermined by the changes in the norms of Standard English. It is also greatly influenced by changing social conditions, the progress of science and the development of cultural life.

There are a lot of classifications of functional styles and their substyles. But we pay our attention to I. R. Galperin's classification as it mostly serves our purposes.

I. R. Galperin defines the notion of a functional style as following:

A functional style is a patterned variety of the literary text characterized by the greater or lesser typification of its constituents, supraphrasal units in which the choice and arrangement of interdependent and interwoven language media are calculated to secure the purport of the communication [Гальперин, с. 283].

He distinguishes five functional styles and suggests their subdivision into following substyles [Galperin, p. 249]:

I. The Belles — Lettres Style:

a) poetry;

b) emotive prose;

c) language of the drama.

II. Publicistic Style:
a) oratory and speeches;
b) the essay;
c) journalistic articles.
III. Newspaper Style:
a) brief news items;
b) advertisements and announcements;
c) the headline;
d) the editorial.
IV. Scientific Prose Style.
V. The Style of Official Documents:
a) business documents;
b) legal documents;
c) the language of diplomacy;
d) military documents.

## EMOTIVE PROSE

The substyle of emotive prose has the same common features as have been pointed out for the belles-letters style in general; but all this features are correlated differently in emotive prose. The imagery is not so rich as it is in poetry; the percentage of words with contextual meaning is not so high as in poetry. Apart from meter and rhyme, what most of all distinguishes, emotive prose from the poetic style is the combination of the literary variant of the language, both in words and syntax, with the colloquial variant. It would perhaps be more exact to define this as a combination of the spoken and written varieties of the language, as there are always two forms of communication present — monologue (the writer's speech) and dialogue (the speech of the characters).

The language of the writer conforms to the literary norms of the given period in the development in the English language. The language of the character will be chosen to characterize the man himself. But the colloquial language is not a pure reproduction of what might be the natural speech of living people. The colloquial speech has been made "literature like". This means that only the most striking elements, of what

might have been a conversation in life, are made use of and even these have undergone some kind of transformation.

Emotive prose allows the use of elements from other styles as well. Thus, we find elements of the newspaper style; the official style (Ex: business letters); the style of scientific prose (Cronin's *The Citadel* — medical language).

Emotive prose as a separate form of imaginative literature, that is fiction, came into being rather late in the history of the English literary language. In early Anglo-Saxon literature there was no emotive prose. Anglo-Saxon literature was mainly poetry, songs of a religious, military and festive character. The first emotive prose, which appeared was translations from Latin stories of the Bible and the Lives of the Saints. Middle English prose literature was also educational, represented mostly by translations of religious works from Latin. Emotive prose actually began to assume a life of its own in the second half of the 15th century when romances and chronicles describing the life and adventures of semi-legendary kinds and knights began to appear.

By the end of the 19th century and particularly at the beginning of the 20th, certain stylistic devices had been refined and continue to be further developed and perfected. Various ways of using detached constructions, fragmentation of syntactical models peculiar, unexpected ways of combining sentences, especially the gap-sentences link and other modern syntactical patterns, are freely introduced into present-day emotive prose [Galperin, p. 270–281].

## Robert Penn Warren
## *All the King's Men*[1]

R. P. Warren is one of the major American writers of today, who has made outstanding contribution to American letters in the field of education, criticism, poetry and the novel. He was born in Gutherie, Kentucky, got his education — first in Vanderbuilt University, Texas, then in several other universities. His teaching practice started at Louisiana University. For many a year later he has been teaching at Yale University. Warren's first novel, *The Night Rider*, came out in 1939, his latest, *Meet*

*in the Green Glen*, appeared in 1971. *All the King's Men* is his third novel. It was published in 1946 and was to a certain extent stirred by the fall of Hitler's fascist dictatorship. The writer's keen interest in history and politics makes him select for his novels episodes from life, thus in a way most of his novels may be regarded as historical novels, though dealing with contemporary history.

*All the King's Men* is based on the actual career of H. Long, the Louisiana dictator and governor from 1928 till his assassination in 1935. The novel, however, by far surpasses a fictional biography. Its protagonist Willie Stark is not a fictional replica of H. Long. The plot of the novel formally centers round the rise and fall of an American political dictator who fights his way from farm boy to power-mad political boss. It is a novel of political morality, its corruption, power and guilt. It is also a novel of those who make a Willie Stark possible. Though written more than thirty years ago and dealing with events of former times, it is no less up-to-date now than it was at the time of its first publication.

The novel is marked by the writer's perfect knowledge of the background. For all its factual information, the novel is an outstanding work of art. The characters inhabiting its pages are not types, but real people. The narration is full of dynamics and force, variety of artistic means, imagery and rhythm, which makes the reader understand that the author is both a poet and a story-teller.

One of the main artistic methods of Warren's is irony, which mostly turns out as tragic irony, the irony of life and situation. The novel is a first person narration. It contains a long chain of the narrator's reminiscences concerning Willie Stark's career. The narrator, Jack Burden, has been accompanying Willie Stark, the Boss, since the day he was first sent "to cover a story" of Willie for his newspaper. He gets involved in the process of making a dictator and becomes one of his ardent followers, cynically accepting Willie's right to power, his methods and outlook. Life's strokes, though, make Jack reconsider his views, thus the novel becomes also a novel of education.

The passage below contains one of the turning points of the novel and a crucial moment in Jack Burden's life. The situation is as follows: Willie Stark, who is going to run for the U.S. senatorship, is seeking for a way of neutralizing his political enemy Mac Murfee. The latter has already

provided himself with blackmail evidence against Willie, the price for which can be only the senate seat. The only man who might influence Mac Murfee in persuading him not to use his weapon against Willie is Judge Irwin, a man of stainless reputation and irreproachable morals. Willie Stark sets his mind on finding some slip in the Judge's past to make turn act in Willie's interests. Having been in the bar himself, Willie fully realizes that evidence against the Judge cannot be forged to pin the Judge down. He needs facts, and it is only Jack Burden who is able to provide him with them.

### *Chapter Five*

That was the end of my first journey into the enchantments of the past, my first job of historical research. It was, as I have indicated, not a success. But the second job was a sensational success. It was the "Case of the Upright Judge" and I had every reason to congratulate myself on a job well done. It was a perfect research job, marred in its technical perfection by only one thing: it meant something.[2]

It all began, as I have said, when the Boss, sitting in the black Cadillac which sped through the night, said to me (to me who was what Jack Burden, the student of history, had grown to be), "There is always something."

And I said, "Maybe not on the Judge."

And he said, "Man is conceived, in sin [3] and born in corruption and he passeth from the stink of the didie to the stench of the shroud. There is always something."

The black Cadillac made its hunting sound through the night[4] and the tires sang on the slab and the black fields streaked with mist swept by. Sugar-Boy[5] was hunched over the wheel, which looked too big for him, and the Boss sat straight up, up there in the front seat. I could see the black mass of his head against the tunnel of light which we raced. Then I dozed off.

It was the stopping of the car that woke me up. l realized that we were back at the Stark place. I crawled out of the car. The Boss was already out, standing in the yard, just inside the gate in the starlight; Sugar-Boy was locking the car doors.

When I went into the yard, the Boss said, "Sugar-Boy is going to sleep on the couch downstairs, but there is a cot made up for you upstairs,

second door on the left at the head of the stairs. You better get some shut-eye, for tomorrow you start digging for what the judge dropped."

"It will be a long dig," I said.

"Look here," he said, "if you don't want to do it you don't have to. I can always pay somebody else. Or do you want a raise?"

"No, I don't want a raise," I said.

"I am raising you a hundred a month, whether you want it or not."

"Give it to the church," I said. "If I wanted money, I could think of easier ways to make it than the way I make it with you."

"So you work for me because you love me," the Boss said.

"I don't know why I work for you, but it's not because I love you. And not for money."

"No," he said, standing there in the dark, "you don't know why you work for me. But I know," he said, and laughed.

Sugar-Boy came into the yard, said good night, and went to the house.

"Why?" I asked.

"Boy," he said, "you work for me because I am the way I am and you are the way you are. It is an arrangement founded on the nature of things."

"That's a hell of a fine explanation."

"It's not an explanation," he said, and laughed again. "There ain't any explanation. Not of anything. All you can do is point at the nature of things. If you are smart enough to see 'em."

"I am not smart enough," I said.

"You are smart enough to dig up whatever it is on the judge."

"There may not be anything."

"Nuts," he said. "Go to bed."

"Aren't you coming to bed?"

"No," he said, and I left him walking across the yard in the dark, with his head bowed a little and his hands clasped behind him, walking casually as though he had come out to stroll through the park on Sunday afternoon. But it was not afternoon: it was 3.15 a. m.

I lay on the cot upstairs, but I didn't go right to sleep. I thought about Judge Irwin.[6] About the way he had looked at me that very night from his tall old head, the way the yellow eyes had glittered and the lip curled over the strong old teeth as he said, "I'm dining with your mother this week. Shall I tell her you still like your work?" But that didn't last, and

I saw him sitting in the log room in the white house by the sea, leaning over a chessboard, facing the Scholarly Attorney, and he wasn't an old man, he was a young man, and the high aquiline florid face was brooding over the board. But that didn't last, and the face leaned toward me among the stems of the tall gray marsh grass, in the damp gray wintry dawn, and said, "You ought to have led that duck more, Jack. You get to lead a duck, son. But, son, I'll make a duck hunter out of you yet." And the face smiled. And I wanted to speak out and demand, "Is there anything, Judge? Will I find anything?" But the face only smiled, and I went to sleep. Before it could say anything, I went to sleep in the middle of the smile.

Then it was another day,[7] and I set out to dig up the dead cat, to excavate the maggot from the cheese, to locate the canker in the rose, to find the deceased fly among the raisins in the rice pudding.

I found it.

But not all at once. You do not find it all at once if you are hunting for it. It is buried under the sad detritus of time, where, no doubt, it belongs. And you do not want to find it all at once, not if you are a student of history. If you find it all at once, there would be no opportunity to use your technique.

**Commentary**

1. The title of the novel is an ironical allusion to the well-known nursery rhyme about Humpty Dumpty. Here is the full text of the rhyme:

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
All the king's horses, and all the king's men
Cannot put Humpty Dumpty together again.

2. It meant something.

Jack Burden's remark implies that his investigation concerned living people.

3. Man is conceived in sin…

The paragraph contains a biblical allusion. The Boss hints at the original sin or the fall of man, that is the tendency to do wrong, which according to christians' belief is inherited from Adam. The allusion is supported by its tone, rhythmical pattern and the obsolete form of the third person singular in the verb passeth.

4. The driving scene is one of many scenes of the kind, where certain elements are recurrent and have a symbolic value: the dark night, mist, a speeding car as if racing, people in it hardly ever noticing where they are driven.

5. Sugar-Boy is Stark's driver and bodyguard, rather demented character, blind in his faithfulness to the Boss he hardly ever speaks. His nickname is given to him for his fondness of sugar which he is constantly sucking.

6. I thought about Judge Irwin.

The paragraph contains the first hint at the tragic irony of Jack's investigations, every step of which leads to the climax and its denouement, when after the Judge's suicide Jack learns that Judge Irwin was his father. This life's lesson forms the beginning of Jack's moral rebirth.

7. Then it was another day…

The paragraph contains a cluster of connotative metaphors. The imagery does not only make vivid the aim and process of Jack's investigation, but also renders a specific emotional attitude to the facts described. In this case it is disgust for himself and the dirty job Jack has started on.

**Understanding the Selection**

1. Define the selection as a form of writing and present its contents in a nutshell.

2. Speak on the arrangement of events in time.

3. Comment upon the opening paragraph as an exposition to the passage and the chapter at large. Do you find any implication in the words "I had every reason to congratulate myself on a job well done"? How does it colour the whole of the selected passage?

4. Expand on the inner struggle experienced by Jack in accepting the Boss's offer. Present all pro's and con's.

5. Account for the Boss's statement "There is always something." Is it a casual remark or a belief coming from his world outlook? What is Stark's life credo? Give your reasons.

6. Comment upon the driving scene. It is a recurrent scene in the novel, reveal its symbolic meaning.

7. Expand upon the retrospective scene, its content and structure. What is the role of the scene in the selection? What is the time arrangement in the paragraph? What do we learn about Judge Irwin and his relationship to Jack? Explain the prevailing application of metonymy

in the paragraph. Why does the Judge's face haunt Jack? Account for the seeming incongruity in the closing words of the paragraph "I went to sleep in the middle of the smile".

8. Account for the length of the paragraphs. Compare the retrospective paragraph and "I found it" paragraph. How does the length of the paragraphs go with their contents?

9. Sum up the characters involved in the passage discussed. Summarize the writer's method in presenting his characters, in other words his technique of character drawing. Pick out verbs and adjectives characterizing each of the personages (the Boss, Jack, the Judge, Sugar-Boy). Take notice of their behaviour and manner of speech. What do we learn about the characters through their behaviour, through their actual and inner speech?

10. Judging from what you have read what can you say about the writer's own comment upon the situation described?

11. Try to reason out the role of this selection in the novel at large.

12. Sum up your observations on the vocabulary and syntax of the text and the way they are related to the contents.

## William Faulkner
## *The Bear*

William Faulkner, one of the greatest American writers of our century, was born, lived and died in the heart of the deep south of the U.S. He mostly lived in the town of Oxford, the county seat of Lafayette county, Mississippi, and made his native place the main subject of his writing. Though his formal education was incomplete (school was not finished and his university studies lasted one year only), it was compensated by extensive reading and deep knowledge of life and people surrounding him. During World War I Faulkner served in the Royal Air Forces, but the period was short and did not greatly influence him as a writer.

Faulkner's literary heritage comprises 50 poems, 17 novels, 90 short stories. His best known novels are *Sartoris* (1929), *The Sound and the Fury* (1929), *Intruder in the Dust* (1948), the trilogy including *The Hamlet* (1940), *The Town* (1957), *The Mansion* (1959).

Favourable criticism and recognition came to Faulkner when he was already a mature writer. His popularity rose with Malcolm Cowley's publication of *The Portable* Faulkner in 1946 and the Nobel prize for literature received in 1949.

The usual setting for most of Faulkner's stories and novels is an imaginary town of Jefferson and its vicinity in the imaginary Yoknapatawpha county, for which he even drew a map and which he inhabited with a definite number of people. The legendary county is a perfect artistic incarnation of Faulkner's native place, the county of Lafayette, with its landscape, its people with their problems, customs and history, going as far back as the beginning of last century. The first novel of the *Yoknapatawpha saga* is *Sartoris*, the stories and novels that follow it, though none of them is an immediate continuation of the other, are interrelated thanks to the continuity of place, time and people. Faulkner is concerned with a number of problems of the deep south, such as relationship between people, man and property, man and nature, nature and civilization, whites and Negroes, the present and the past of his native place, human psychology.

Faulkner's individuality as a writer, the peculiarity of style and character drawing made him for rather a long time not understood; misunderstood, and hence unrecognized. Never bothering about the reader or critics, he used to say that he did not know anything about literary art, he was just a little Mississippi farmer who liked to tell stories. Malcolm Cowley keenly observed that Faulkner "is not so much a novelist… as he is an epic or bardic poet in prose, a creator of myths that he weaves into a legend of the South." His style is extremely variegated, depending mostly on what or who he is writing about. Thus you may find in his works short concise sentences as well as endless periods, bordering on the extremes of the stream of consciousness method. His descriptive and narrative prose, a sample of which is reproduced in our selection, is marked by lengthy sentences of elaborate patterns, generally flowing in harmony with the flow of thought. They abound in repetitions, parentheses, loosely connected clauses or parts of the sentence. The vocabulary strikes the reader as rich and powerful. Faulkner's narrative is full of imagery, symbols and connotations, being at the same time very concrete.

His prose contains elements of pure poetical language, its euphony and rhythm.

The selection below presents the opening pages of Faulkner's long short story *The Bear* (1942). The story is unanimously recognized both by critics and fellow writers as Faulkner's highest achievement. It is also known as a chapter of the novel *Go Down, Moses* (1942), which is qualified as a collection of interrelated stories, forming old age recollections of Ike McCaslin. Early orphaned and adopted by his cousin, Ike gets his outdoor education from Sam Fathers, half Negro, half Indian, who initiates Ike into the wilderness. The theme of the wilderness, or the big woods versus civilization forms a tradition in American literature started by Fenimore Cooper. Faulkner sets and solves the problem in his own way. Ike, a white man and a grandchild of a slave owner, fully rejects capitalist civilization, he refuses to inherit land property and retires into the big woods. The story is polyphonic: you can hear three voices in it: that of Ike as a boy, full of excitement and expectation, the voice of Ike as an old man recollecting his past, and the voice of the author, who arranges it all into a work of art and comments upon reality in his own artistic way.

## I

There was a man and a dog too this time.[1] Two beasts, counting Old Ben, the bear, and two men, counting Boon Hogganbeck, in whom some of the same blood ran which ran in Sam Fathers,[2] even though Boon's was a plebeian strain of it and only Sam and Old Ben and the mongrel Lion were taintless and incorruptible.[3]

He was sixteen.[4] For six years now he had been a man's hunter. For six years now he had heard the best of all talking. It was of the wilderness, the big woods, bigger and older than any recorded document: — of white man fatuous enough to believe he had bought any fragment of it, of Indian ruthless enough to pretend that any fragment of it had been his to convey;[5] bigger than Major de Spain and the scrap he pretended to, knowing better; older than old Thomas Sutpen[6] of whom Major de Spain had had it and who knew better; older even than old Ikkemotubbe, the Chickasaw chief, of whom old Sutpen had had it and who knew better in his turn. It was of the men, not white nor black nor red but men, hunters, with the will and hardihood to endure and the humility and skill to survive,

and the dogs and the bear and deer juxtaposed and relieved against it, ordered and compelled by and within the wilderness in the ancient and unremitting contest according to the ancient and immitigable rules which voided all regrets and brooked no quarter; — the best game of all, the best of all breathing and forever the best of listening, the voices quiet and weighty and deliberate for retrospection and recollection and exactitude among the concrete, trophies — the racked guns and heads and skins in the libraries of town houses or the offices of plantation houses or (and best of all) in the camps themselves where intact and still-warm meat yet hung, the men who had slain it sitting before the burning logs on hearths when there were houses and hearths or about the smoky blazing of piled wood in front of stretched tarpaulins when there were not. There was always a bottle present, so that it would seem to him that these fine fierce instants of heart and brain and courage and wiliness and speed were concentrated and distilled into the brown liquor which not women, not boys and children, but only hunters drank, drinking not of the blood they spilled but some condensation of the wild immortal spirit, drinking it moderately, humbly even, not with the pagan's base and baseless hope of acquiring thereby the virtues of cunning and strength and speed but in salute to them. Thus it seemed to him on this December morning not only natural but actually fitting that this should have begun with whisky.

He realized later that it had begun long before that. It had already begun on that day when he first wrote his age in two ciphers and his cousin McCaslin brought him for the first time to the camp, the big woods, to earn for himself from the wilderness the name and state of hunter provided he in his turn were humble and enduring enough. He had already inherited then, without ever having seen it, the big old bear with one trap-ruined foot that in an area almost a hundred miles square had earned for himself a name, a definite designation like a living man: the long legend of corn-cribs broken down arid rifled, of shoats and grown pigs and even calves carried bodily into the woods and devoured and traps and deadfalls overthrown and dogs mangled and slain and shotgun and even rifle shots delivered at point-blank range yet with no more effect than so many peas blown through a tube by a child — a corridor of wreckage and destruction beginning back before the boy was born, through which sped, not fast but rather with the ruthless and irresistible deliberation

of a locomotive, the shaggy tremendous shape. It ran in his knowledge before he ever saw it. It loomed and lowered in his dreams before he even saw the unaxed woods where it left its crooked print, shaggy, tremendous, red-eyed, not malevolent but just big, too big for the dogs which tried to bay it, for the horses which tried to ride it down, for the men and the bullets they fired into it; too big for the very country which was its constricting scope. It was as if the boy had already divined what his senses and intellect had not encompassed yet: that doomed wilderness whose edges were being constantly and punily gnawed at by men with plows and axes who feared it because it was wilderness, men myriad and nameless even to one another in the land where the old bear had earned a name, and through which ran not even a mortal beast but an anachronism indomitable and invincible out of an old dead time, a phantom, epitome and apotheosis of the old wild life which the little puny humans swarmed and hacked at in a fury of abhorrence and fear like pygmies about the ankles of a drowsing elephant, — the old bear, solitary, indomitable, and alone; widowed, childless and absolved of mortality — old Priam reft of his old wife[7] and outlived all his sons.

Still a child, with three years then two years then one year yet before he too could make one of them, each November he would watch the wagon containing the dogs and the bedding and food and guns and his cousin McCaslin and Tennie's Jim and Sam Fathers too until Sam moved to the camp to live, depart for the Big Bottom, the big woods. To him, they were going not to hunt bear and deer but to keep yearly rendezvous with the bear which they did not even intend to kill. Two weeks later they would return, with no trophy, no skin. He had not expected it. He had not even feared that it might be in the wagon this time with the other skins and heads. He did not even tell himself that in three years or two years and one year more he would be present and that it might even be his gun. He believed that only after he had served his apprenticeship in the woods which would prove him worthy to be a hunter, would he even be permitted to distinguish the crooked print, and that even then for two November weeks he would merely make another minor one, along with his cousin and Major de Spain and General Compson and Walter Ewell and Boon and the dogs which feared to bay it and the shotguns and

rifles which failed even to bleed it, in the yearly pageant rite of the old bear's furious immortality.

His day came at last.

**Commentary**

1. There was a man and a dog too this time.

The opening line thanks to the anaphorical use of the demonstrative pronoun *this* and the adverb *too* gives an effect of continuity, making the story part of a much longer narrative.

2. …in whom the same blood ran which ran in Sam Fathers…

Boon, a hunter, was half Indian and half Negro as well as Sam Fathers, with the difference that the latter was the son of an Indian chief by a Negro woman.

3. …and only Sam and Old Ben and the mongrel Lion were taintless and incorruptible…

Two peculiarities of Faulkner's manner of writing can be observed in the quotation, one syntactical and the other lexical. The first consists in joining together two or three words as homogeneous members, which results in the intensity of narration and its rhythmical cadence. Specifically, Faulknerian is the use of negative intimates, such as taintless and incorruptible. These are special words, generally adjectives or abstract nouns, meant for intensity, they are often of associational character. Incongruous at first sight, they imply deep inner relationship between objects and qualities they name. In our quotation Sam Fathers with his mixed blood, the mongrel and the bear with a human name are called taintless and incorruptible as belonging to nature and the wilderness.

4. He was sixteen.

The mentioning of the boy's name is deliberately postponed. Later on we learn that he is McCaslin's cousin, and only much later his first name, Ike, is mentioned. The retardation here may be accounted for partly by the fact that the whole story is a masked first person narration, where he may be easily changed into I (Ike's old age recollections). The writer has to convert the first person into the third as if it were an expanded one-hundred-page answer to the question "What did Ike say?" The shift of person makes it possible for the writer to add his own comment to Ike's recollections. It is also of interest to mention that only the characters Faulkner sympathizes with are by him

granted a right for inner monologues, recollections and musing. Ike is one of them.

5. …of white man fatuous enough to believe he had bought any fragment of it, of Indian ruthless enough to pretend that any fragment of it was his to convey…

These lines reveal Faulkner's attitude to land property. To him the wilderness is nobody's property. He blames both Indians and whites for selling and buying parts of it. Faulkner is convinced that private property of land spoiled both Indians and white men and was the main cause of corruption in human society.

6. Sutpen, Major de Spain, General Compson are white aristocrats from the town of Jefferson occasionally coming to the big woods for hunting. These are characters to be met with in other stories and novels. The occurrence of the same characters contributes to the continuity of the *Yoknapatawpha saga*.

7. …old Priam reft of his old wife…

Priam is a mythological character, the last king of Troy. He lost all his children in the Trojan battle. He is alluded to as a symbol of a lonely man who once was rich and powerful and has lost all and everybody.

**Understanding the Selection**

1. Introduce the selection. Define it as a kind of writing, give its essential points.

2. Comment upon the opening passage, say how it is related to the whole of the selection.

3. In each of the paragraphs find the topical sentence and disclose its relationship to the rest of the paragraph.

4. What is the time arrangement of the passage?

5. Render the contents of each of the paragraphs in your own words and comment on their message and the writer's means of conveying the message.

6. Speak about the people described in the second paragraph. What qualities does the boy appreciate in them? Can you distinguish the boy's impressions from the writer's comment on the subject described? Group the concrete and the abstract notions mentioned in the paragraph. How

do parallel constructions and reiteration of words help in carrying on the narration and in enhancing its intensity?

7. Comment on the third paragraph. Tell everything you know about the bear, no doubt the central figure of the paragraph. What does the bear symbolize? What did it mean to the boy? To the inhabitants of Jefferson? To Sam Fathers?

8. Write out and group all the words referring to the bear, abstract and concrete. What imagery is employed by the writer in describing the bear?

9. Can you account for the juxtaposition of the notions of the doomed wilderness and immortality of the bear?

10. What is the tone of the narration and the writer's attitude to the described events? What is the writer's comment?

11. Review the vocabulary and syntax of the passage. Expand on its artistry.

12. Does the selection prove that Faulkner is "more a bardic poet than a novelist" as Malcolm Cowley puts it? Give your reasons.

13. Sum up poetical traits of the passage.

14. Give a summary of your observations on the passage.

## Sid Chaplin
## *The Day of the Sardine*

Sid Chaplin was born in the little town of Shildon, in the north of England. The son of a miner, he became a miner himself, when at the age of 14 he was forced to leave school for work. It is only in the late thirties that he managed to resume his studies in a workers' college. His teachers were the books he read extensively, first and foremost the works of the great humanistic writers of England, America and Russia, as well as tales of the local story-tellers.

Sid Chaplin's writing career began in 1948 with the publication of a book of short stories entitled *The Leaping Sun*. His greatest achievement was and still remains *The Day of the Sardine* (1961). Being a professional writer, Sid Chaplin still continues working in the mining industry and goes in for journalism.

In literary criticism Sid Chaplin is generally referred to as a working-class novelist. *The Day of the Sardine* topically is a twofold novel, it combines characteristic traits of the working-class novel and those of the teenager novel.

Teenager literature was in its prime in the late fifties and the early sixties. Teenagers, as is well known, are young people from 13 to 19. Their seeming rebellion consisted in abusing all existing rules of social behavior, in a point-blank refusal to accept the accepted values. It is evident that their young bravado, misbehavior, strange dances and still stranger clothes very often were a disguise for bitterness, perplexity, loneliness and despair. The writers concerned with the fate and troubles of the young generation managed to lift the veil of the bravado and see their real face. These writers succeeded in conveying and revealing the state of the teenagers of their time, who may be referred to as a new lost generation. To make the reader follow the writers' pursuit they generally resorted to first-person narration, no matter how old the writer himself might be. The narrator is usually a young man who in the informal tone of a friendly talk confides in the reader, presumably the narrator's contemporary.

In Sid Chaplin's novel the narrator is a teenager, Arthur Haggerston, whose story covers a period of two years, from fifteen to seventeen, during which he has to find his own way around the world and his own answer to all its riddles. He lives in a big industrial city. Shifting from job to job, he mixes with a gang of troublesome youngsters, whose trouble ranges from a brawl in the cinema to murder. Though the streaming system of English school puts him in the B-stream, Arthur is keen and inquisitive. It needs some time, however, for Arthur to realize that there are some higher human values than a smart car, new suits and a private swimming-pool. One of the conclusions he finally comes to is not to become a sardine. The sardine is a symbol of narrow-mindedness in people concerned with nothing but their physical existence. The symbol comes from a tale that was told Arthur by Harry Parker, a former sailor, who saw how sardines were caught in Norway. Billions of them, coming from the ocean to spawn, are knocked down, then put to barrels, and then sent over to be laid out in the tin coffins, head to tail, tail to head. Not to become a sardine one must sail on one's own — to eat to live, and living

to eat. The sardine fable is highly suggestive. It gives the young generation a lesson in nonconformism.

In the passage from the novel selected for discussion we see Arthur coming home late after his first pay and finding in the two people he cares for most of all, his mother and the lodger, Harry Parker.

***Five***

I walked into a regular little scene of domestic bliss. Oh, I don't mean anything fishy. There was no jumping to attention[1]. It was worse. The Old Lady was sat at one side[2] and Harry at the other, the radio playing softly, and you could see that they'd been having the kind of natter (sl. *chatter*, *talk*) that is possible only between very good friends. It caught me on the raw.

"So you're in," said the Old Lady, switching rapidly from one tone to another. This is a talent I've noticed among the ladies.

"Hello, all," I said and sat down at my place, which was set.

"His Lordship wants servin' in?"[3]

"Aw, Ma, let's have a meal in peace."

"Look under your plate for your supper."

"Ah think Ah'll turn in now,"[4] said Harry.

"Stop[5] in and see the entertainment," said the Old Lady.

"Yes, stay," I said. "Join in the fun — when we know what's it all about." But all the same I knew what it was all about and also what lay under my plate.

"No thanks, Peg," he said. "Ah'll keep me nose out."[6]

"Which you should do sooner or not at all."

"What d'ye mean by that?"[7] asked the Old Lady.

"Ye know what Ah mean — fine pow-wow the pair of ye were havin' when Ah walked in!"

"That's enough of that!"

"So long as ye don't try to pull the wool over my eyes."

"If ye knew your mother at all, ye'd know that she has a mind of her own," said Harry. "If she tells what she thinks of you, that's her business."

"And now Ah'm gonna tell ye to your face," said the Old Lady.

"And Ah'm off!" said Harry.

"Pity he didn't stay to hear ye sayin' your lines," I remarked to his back.

"Now will ye shut your trap or ye'll have the teapot over your head again," said the Old Lady. "Ye talk about me goin' on — ye don't give anybody a chance to keep their tempers and say a word in calmness." Which, of course, was perfectly true. What is it that keeps you talking when you know it's no good? Especially to older folk. I've noticed they're slower to react — with words. They've the experience but the kids have the wit. But on you go stirring the trouble; what you might call operating and deep without any anaesthetic and sooner or later you go too deep and bring a pain to life that demands to inflict pain elsewhere.

"Anyway," I remarked, "What's all the bawlin' about — it's a mystery to me, to date."

"Ah'll give ye credit for more brains than that…"

"Thanks," I said.

"Ye know what it's about — your pay."

"What's the matter — can't ye wait?"

"Ah told you that ye'd be on pocket-money… then you deliberately go and break your packet. What's the idea?"

"Let me ask ye a question: how d'ye know Ah've broken into it?"

"Well, look under your plate." But I didn't: I wouldn't give her that pleasure. "Look under your plate!"

"Ah don't need to look under the plate to know ye've pokin' about in me room and rakin' about my private property."

"And Ah don't think much about you," she said. "When Ah first started work Ah was proud to go home and hand me pay-packet over to your grandma: proud."

"Times have changed since then…"

"For the worse. Ah'd burn with shame if Ah were you — after the way Ah've toiled and moiled to bring ye up[8] — and on me own — ye turn round and do this."

"Listen, Ma," I said, trying to get things on to a reasonable plane. "Just listen. Ah'm goin' out to work, not you. What was good enough for you doesn't hold for me… oh, it's all right, Ah'll pay me way; Ah'll give you board and lodgings. But Ah'll handle me own money. Ah'll buy me own clothes. Ah'm sick and tired of being taken and told what Ah'm to wear."

"You'll hand your pay over — intact."

"Ah'll pay you board and lodgings — that way we'll be both independent."

"So's you can splash your money on your fancy monkey suits and keep up wi' your low friends, that's your idea. Well, Ah'm tellin' ye now: Ah'm not havin' it."

Brushing the plate aside I took up the pay-packet and extracted three pound notes: "There you are. There's your money and be content!" I held them out but didn't get any reaction. So I slapped them bang[9] in the middle of the table. "All right — Ah'll leave it there an' you can pick it up when Ah'-ve gone in your usual manner."

"Ah'd burn, before Ah'd touch it."

"Pity you aren't so particular about other things."

We were both on our feet now and ready to cut. "What d'ye mean by the crack (a witty retort)?"

"That fancy man of yours."

"Why you little bastard. …" It wasn't the teapot this time, but the breadboard. "Well, boy, I'm telling you, I didn't stand to attention." She was berserk, running wild, and coming for me. I ducked and came up and because I was frightened slapped her. She stopped dead. Then she turned and walked over to the chair in the corner and sat down.

"Ah'm sorry, Ma," I said, following her.

She didn't say a word. She could have said: "You struck me!" but didn't and I'm bound to admit I admire her for that touch. But I reckon I'd really hurt her. That slap had hit her right on the solar plexus. "Ah didn't mean it, Ma, it was just that you were comin' for me. But Ah didn't mean to hit you… like that." By this time, I was kneeling in front of her and she caught hold of my head and drew me to her. I reckon I was bubbling like a bairn.[10]

"Ah'm sorry, Ma. Take the pay, all that's left. Ah shouldn't have done it." Well, that's what I said, but I'm bound to admit that at the same time I was thinking myself a mug for giving in so easily. And then I was ashamed. "No, lad," she said. "Ah don't want your money. God knows Ah don't want it. Ah just want to put things right between us, and Ah can't, and it gets me mad. Keep the money but be all right with me."

"Ah will."

We sat like this a long time. Then she said: "What have ye got against him?"

"Ah don't know. He's all right… he's all right as a lodger."

"Ah've been without a man for more than fifteen years," she said.

"Ah can't help it, Ma. It just gets me on the raw when Ah think of anything happening between the two of you…"

"He wants to marry me… and it gets lonely."

She must have felt me stiffen there. "What would ye do if we got married?"

I didn't answer. After a while I got up and washed my face. Then she fried me some tripe in batter and poured a cup of tea. I sat down and I ate. It was nice and comfortable there in the kitchen, just the two of us and the decision in my favour. But I never felt so miserable in my life. As I laid my head on the pillow I thought of all the fights I'd had and I said to myself: Boy, you can't lose all the time, but sometimes winning is worse than losing.

**Commentary**

1. There was no jumping to attention.

The language of the novel, and of the selected passage in particular, is emotionally charged, hence in many conventional word combinations we observe the head verb substituted by a more expressive one. In the sentence quoted above jump is used for stand (see also catch for touch in "caught me on the raw", switch for change in "switching rapidly from one tone to another", etc.). Very often the verb acquires a metaphorical shift as in "splash your money" for "spend your money", which enhances the emotional effect.

2. The Old Lady was sat at one side…

The combination "was sat" denotes 'being in the state of sitting'. As well as combinations of the kind "be come", "be gone" it may be treated as the undeveloped perfect form of intransitive verbs.

3. His Lordship wants servin'.

The pronunciation of the suffix *-ing* as in is peculiar to many a variant of non-standard speech, illiterate speech, children's speech, once it was a fashion in high society.

4. Ah think Ah'll turn in now.

*Ah* pronounced as [ei] is the northern dialectal use for *I* (the interjection *ah* is also pronounced as [ei] in the North).

5. *Stop* is non-standard colloquial for *stay*. Arthur, whose English seems more refined, checks up his mother and uses *stay* in his remark.

6. Ah'll keep me nose out.

*Me* is in this case an equivalent of the possessive pronoun used in illiterate and dialectal speech.

7. What d'ye mean by that?

*Ye* is the obsolete form of the personal pronoun of the second person, nominative case. It occurs now in elevated prose and poetry and in dialectal speech both for the nominative and objective cases.

8. Ah've toiled and moiled to bring ye up…

The pair "toil and moil" forms a tautology, since the two words are almost of the same meaning. Such rhyming pairs are typical of emotional colloquial speech.

9. I slapped them bang…

In the combination "slapped… bang" the last element is of sound imitating character and is meant to enhance the emotional effect.

10. I reckon I was bubbling like a bairn.

It is peculiar to northern dialects to borrow words of Scottish origin, *bairn* for the child is one of them. It also carries an emotional charge, in our case here increased by the alliteration "bubbling as a bairn", the sound [b] being repeated three times.

**Understanding the Selection**

1. Define the passage as a piece of writing.

2. Present the contents of the selection, formulating its subject-matter in a nutshell.

3. Trace the graduate increase of the tension up to its highest point and the upshot. Comment on the tone of the passage before and after the turning point. What emotional key is given to the passage by the opening sentence? Disclose its connotational meaning.

4. Characterize the people involved in the conflict. How does the writer achieve their full psychological portrayal without ever resorting to direct ways of characterization?

5. Comment upon the mother's and the boy's speech and behaviour before and after the culminating point of the scene. What is the boy's

own comment? What is the writer's implied comment? Does he side with either of the two? Give your reasons, referring to the text.

6. Speak on the concluding paragraph, its tone and the means the writer resorts to in conveying the boy's conflicting emotions.

7. Compare the dialogical and the narrative parts of the selection. Account for the difference in the use of phonetical, lexical and grammatical means of expression in them. In what are both parts alike? What makes the narrative part colourful and dynamic?

8. What elements in Arthur's speech make it a typical teenager's vernacular?

9. Make up a list of verbs from the text having an emotional colouring.

10. Give a short linguistic account of the selection.

11. Make a summary of your study of the text.

## Ray Douglas Bradbury
## *Fahrenheit 451*

R. D. Bradbury is one of the most prominent and prolific science fiction writers in the U. S. A. Born in Waukegan, Illinois, in 1920, he has mostly lived in Los Angeles, California. There he graduated from high school, where he put out a school magazine entitled *Future Fantasies.* His first story came out in 1941, since then he has won many national awards and world wide recognition. Among his works we find *Dark Carnival* (1947), *The Martian Chronicles* (1950), *The Illustrated Man* (1951), *The Golden Apples of the Sun* (1953), *Fahrenheit 451* (1953), *The October Country* (1956), *Something Wicked This Way Comes* (1963) and a lot of others, most of his publications being volumes of collected short stories. Ray Bradbury has also excelled himself as the author of TV and radio plays.

Ray Bradbury's works belong to science fiction, that is fiction in which scientific discoveries and developments form an element of plot or background, besides, very often works of fiction are based on future possibilities. In science fiction the impossible is presented as possible, a science fiction writer may carry his characters, and consequently the reader,

into remote future and prehistorical past, to unknown worlds and into the sanctuary of human mind.

The beginning of science fiction is associated with the names of Jule Verne in France, Herbert Wells in Britain, Edgar Poe in the United States. The first decades of this century were marked by the increase of science fiction production. Gradually it formed a branch of fiction of its own. Its final establishment as a literary genre was completed in the middle of the century, after World War II presumably thanks to scientific discoveries of the time. Science fiction presents a vast opportunity to satire. No wonder that the most talented American science fiction writers are at the same time satirists, among them are Kurt Vonnegut and Ray Bradbury.

Themes of Ray Bradbury's writing are extremely various, they comprise earthly affairs and space travelling. His literary credo is, as he himself puts it, "to make the commonplace miraculous, to make the miraculous commonplace, for there is a bit of the known in the unknown, look for it, find it." This approach enables Bradbury to remain a realistic writer, no matter how fantastic the plots or backgrounds of his stories may be. He is not so much interested in mechanical contrivances as in man's psychology and social behaviour in new and unexpected circumstances. His dreams of the future are sooner warnings of the future. This makes Bradbury turn to satire. Thus in many of his stories and in *Fahrenheit 451* in particular, he exposes to ridicule many traits of American reality. The novel established Bradbury's reputation as a first-rank writer. It is an antiutopian novel and a warning. The social background is prompted by the fascist tendencies in the post-war years in the U. S. A., known as the time of witch-hunting and McCarthyism so named after the reactionary senator McCarthy (1946–1957). It was a period in the history of the U. S. A. when all progressive organizations and activities were severely prosecuted and suppressed. The action of the novel takes place in not very remote future, most likely at the beginning of the twenty-first century.

Fahrenheit 451 (about 233 °Centigrade) is the burning point of paper. Since at the time described houses are fire-proof, the role of firemen consists in making flames instead of extinguishing them. People are allowed to think or know only what is presented by supertelevision. Books are

forbidden. The ownership of books results in burning volumes and owners alike. The central character of the novel is Guy Montag, an enthusiastic fireman, who gets acquainted with a girl from a relict family, cherishing old views and traditions. Against his own will and accepted views Montag begins to think. In the selection presented below we find Montag thinking, actually for the first time in his life.

***

Late in the night he looked over at Mildred. She was awake. There was a tiny dance of melody in the air, her Seashell (a tiny transistor radio having the shape of a seashell) was tamped in her ear again and she was listening to far people in far places, her eyes wide and staring at the fathoms of blackness above her in the ceiling.

Wasn't there an old joke about the wife who talked so much on the telephone that the desperate husband ran put to the nearest store and telephoned her to ask what was for dinner? Well, then why didn't he buy himself an audio-Seashell broadcasting station and talk to his wife late at night, murmur, whisper, shout, scream, yell. But what would he whisper, what would he yell? What could he say?

And suddenly she was so strange he couldn't believe he knew her at all. He was in someone else's house, like those other jokes people told of the gentleman, drunk, coming home late at night, unlocking the wrong door, entering a wrong room, and bedding with a stranger and getting up early and going to work and neither of them the wiser.

"Millie…?" he whispered.

"What?"

"I didn't mean to startle you. What I want to know is…"

"Well?"

"When did we meet and where?"

"When did we meet for what?" she asked.

"I mean originally."

He knew she must be frowning in the dark.

He clarified it. "The first time we ever met, where was it, and when?"

"Why, it was at —"

She stopped.

"I don't know," she said.

He was cold. “Can’t you remember?”

“It’s been so long.”

“Only ten years, that’s all, only ten!”

“Don’t get excited, I’m trying to think.” She laughed an odd little laugh[1] that went up and up. “Funny, how funny, not to remember where or when you met your husband’s wife.”

He lay massaging his eyes, his brow, and the back of his neck slowly. He held both hands over his eyes and applied a steady pressure there as if to crush the memory into place. It was suddenly more important than any other thing in a lifetime that he know where he had met Mildred.[2]

“It doesn’t matter.” She was up, in the bathroom now, and he heard the water running and the swallowing sound she made.

“No, I guess not,” he said.

He tried to count how many times she swallowed and he thought of the visit from the two zinc-oxide-faced men[3] with the cigarettes in their straight-lined mouths and the Electronic-Eyed Snake winding down into the layer upon layer of night and stone and stagnant spring water, and he wanted to call out to her, how many have you taken tonight! the capsules! how many will you take later and not know? and so on, every hour! or maybe not tonight, tomorrow night? And me not sleeping tonight and tomorrow night or any night for a long while, now that this has started. And he thought of her lying on the bed with the two technicians standing straight over her, not bent with concern but only standing straight, arms folded. And he remembered thinking then that if she died, he was certain he wouldn’t cry. For it would be the dying of an unknown, a street face, a newspaper image, and it was suddenly so very wrong that he had begun to cry, not at death but at the thought of not crying at death, a silly empty man near a silly empty woman, while the hungry snake made her still more empty.

How do you get so empty? he wondered. Who takes it out of you? and that awful flower the other day, the dandelion?[4] It had summed up everything, hadn’t it? “What a shame! You’re not in love with anyone!” And why not?

Well, wasn’t there a wall between him and Mildred, when you came down to it? Literally not just one wall but, so far, three![5] And expensive, too! And the uncles, the aunts, the cousins, the nieces, the nephews, that

lived in those walls, the gibbering pack of tree-apes that said nothing, nothing, nothing and said it loud, loud, loud. He had taken to calling them relatives from the very first. "How's Uncle Louis today?" "Who?" "And Aunt Maude?" The most significant memory he had of Mildred, really was of a girl in a forest without trees (how odd!) or rather a little girl lost on a plateau where there used to be trees (you could feel the memory of their shapes all about) sitting in the center of the "living room". The living room; what a good job of labeling that was now. No matter when he came in, the walls were always talking to Mildred.

"Something must be done!"

"Yes, something must be done!"

"Well, let's not stand and talk!"

"Let's do it!"

"I'm so mad I could spit!"

What was it all about? Mildred couldn't say. Who was mad at whom? Mildred didn't quite know. What were they going to do? Well, said Mildred, wait around and see.

He had waited to see.

A great thunderstorm of sound gushed from the walls. Music bombarded at such an immense volume that his bones were almost shaken from their tendons; he felt his jaw vibrate, his eyes wobble in his head. He was a victim of concussion. When it was all over he felt like a man who had been thrown from off a cliff, whirled in a centrifuge and spat out over a waterfall that fell and fell into emptiness and emptiness and never quite-touched-bottom-never-never-never-quite-no not quite-touched-bottom… and you fell so fast you didn't touch the sides either… never… never… quite… touched… anything.

The thunder faded. The music died.

"There," said Mildred.

And it was indeed remarkable. Something had happened. Even though the people in the walls of the room had barely moved, and nothing had really been settled, you had the impression that someone had turned on a washing-machine or sucked you up in a gigantic vacuum. You drowned in music and pure cacophony. He came out of the room sweating and on the point of collapse. Behind him, Mildred sat in her chair and the voices were on again:

"Well, everything will be all right now," said an "aunt".

"Oh, don't be too sure," said a "cousin".

"Now, don't be angry!"

"Who's angry?"

"I am?"

"You're mad!"

"Why would I be mad?"

"Because!"

"That's all very well," cried Montag, "but what are they mad about? Who are these people? Who's that man and who's that woman? Are they husband and wife, are they divorced, engaged, what? Good God, nothing's connected up."

"They — " said Mildred. "Well, they — they had the fight, you see. They certainly fight a lot. You should listen. I think they're married. Yes, they're married. Why?"

And if it was not the three walls soon to be four walls and he dream complete, then it was the open car and Mildred driving a hundred miles an hour across town, he shouting at her and she shouting back and both trying to hear what was said, but hearing only the scream of the car. "At least keep it down to the minimum!" he yelled. "What?" she cried. "Keep it down to fifty-five, the minimum!" he shouted. "The what?" she shrieked. "Speed!" he shouted. And she pushed it up to one hundred and five miles an hour and tore the breath out of his mouth.

When they stepped out of the car, she had the Seashells stuffed in her ears.[6]

Silence. Only the wind blowing softly.

"Mildred!" He stirred in bed.

He reached over and pulled the tiny musical insect out of her ear. "Mildred. Mildred?"

"Yes." Her voice was faint.

He felt he was one of the creatures electronically inserted — between the slots of phone-color walls, speaking, bat the speech not piercing the crystal barrier. He could only pantomime, hoping she would turn his way and see him. They could not touch through the glass.

**Commentary**

1. She laughed an odd little laugh…

The sentence contains a cognate object, that is an object presented by a noun that follows an intransitive verb and repeats the meaning and most often the stem of the verb. It is usually accompanied by an attribute carrying new information. The cognate object corresponds to an adverbial modifier in Russian (*смеяться веселым смехом*, *умереть смертью героя*). In both languages the structure is of emotional value.

2. It was suddenly more important than any other thing in a lifetime that he know where he had met Mildred.

Know is the present subjunctive form of the verb. In American English it is freely used in colloquial speech in a number of subordinate clauses where in British English the analytical form of the subjunctive mood is preferable (should and the infinitive).

3. …and he thought of the visit of the two zinc-oxide-faced men

Montag recollects what happened a few days before when coming home after his fireman's duty he found Mildred all but dead, poisoned by sleeping pills which she generally did not bother to count. The emergency help medical technicians purged her with the help of an Electronic-Eyed Snake, a machine enabling them to see what is going on in a human body during its application.

4. …and that awful flower the other day, the dandelion?

Here Montag recalls his second and last talk with Clarisse, their next-door neighbour, who touched his chin with a dandelion and the yellow stuff did not stick to his chin, which she said was a token that he was not in love with anybody. And he really was not.

5. Literally not just one wall but, so far, three.

Montag means three phone-color TV walls. In the time to come, as presented in the novel, there will not exist any TV boxes, only walls serving as enormous screens. The instalment of each new wall costs a good sum of money, and, which is worse, results in further isolation and alienation of people.

6. She had the Seashells stuffed in her ears.

The construction has with a noun/pronoun and participle II whether causative or not, is used to emphasize the resulting state. In its meaning it is akin to the so-called statal passive and can he easily transformed incur

case into "the Seashells were stuffed in her ears," as in the opening paragraph of the selection "…her Seashell was tamped in her ear again…"

**Understanding the Selection**

1. Present the contents of the selection in a nutshell.

2. Characterize the form of writing. How can you justify the ample use of represented speech in the passage?

3. What is the time arrangement of the episodes in the selection? How are they interrelated and what is their relationship to the general flow of the narration?

4. Describe the two main characters and their mutual relations. Find the key sentences and key words most evidently revealing the tragedy of the situation. Expand upon the direct and figurative meanings of the key words.

5. Comment on the mood of the passage. Disclose the role of gradation and parallel constructions in the first three paragraphs. Account for the use of rhetorical questions. How do the two old jokes contribute to the incongruity of the situation?

6. Expand on the role of television and radio in Montag and Mildred's household. What artistic means does the writer resort to in presenting the TV production of the time? Who are "the relatives"? Why are their talks unbearable to Montag? Do you find the TV show tangible? If so, prove your point of view, taking into consideration syntactical, verbal and graphical, means employed by the writer. Account for different reactions of husband and wife to the show and TV in general. Speak on the role of the hyperbole and the paradox in the part of the selection dealing with TV. What is the writer's comment?

7. Discuss the driving scene, its content and form. What contributes to the tangibility of the scene?

8. Expand on social problems touched upon in the selection and the writer's comment?

9. Find such characteristics of the passage as prompt that the work under discussion belongs to scientific fiction, having at the same time a satirical and realistic slant.

10. Give your review of the language of the selection (peculiarities of syntactical structure, choice of words, graphical means, including

punctuation, length of paragraphs, type), mark specific stylistic devices and traits of American English.

11. Summarize your observations on the selection read.

## THE ESSAY

As a separate form of English literature the essay dates from the close of the 16th century. The essay is a literary composition of moderate length on philosophical, social, aesthetic or literary subjects. It never goes deep into the subject but merely touches upon the surface. Personality in the treatment of theme and naturalness of expression are two of the most obvious characteristics of the essay. An essay is rather a series of personal and witty comments than a finished argument or a conclusive examination of any matter [Galperin, p. 293–295].

The most characteristic language features of the essay are [What is the English we read, p. 540–591]:

1) brevity of expression, reaching in good writers a degree or epigrammaticalness;

2) use of the 1st person singular, which justifies a personal approach to the problems treated;

3) rather expanded use of connectives, which facilitate the process of grasping the correlations of the ideas;

4) abundant use of emotive words;

5) use of similes and sustained metaphors as one of the media for the cognitive process.

Some essays are written in a highly emotional manner resembling the style of emotive prose, others resemble scientific prose and the terms review, memoir or treatise are more applicable to certain more exhaustive studies.

The essay is often biographical; people, facts and events are taken from life.

In summing up the characteristics of the essay it must be mentioned the following epigrammatic definition: "The Essay is not a treatise. It is not Euclid, it is flash-light. It is not proof, it is representation. It is a chat; the key-note to the essay is its personality."

The essay, as a literary form, is usually spoken of as a peculiar English thing, and as one of the glories of English literature. But in its origin it must always be associated with the great name of Montaigne (1533–1592), a famous French writer, who published the first two books of his Essays in 1580. The meaning of the word essay has been much extended since Montaigne's day and has been used indescriminately in describing quite different works.

The essay as a form of writing has remained popular with English-speaking writers and readers Contemporary English literature abounds in great names who went in for essay-writing. J. B. Priestley who is called by his critics the most accomplished essayist is one of them.

In the United States the use made of the essay has in general followed the English pattern, although the form has been developed more as a vehicle for literary criticism.

The elastic term essay is usually applied to a tentative and suggestive, as distinguished from a formal and complete, discussion or treatise; it indicates a brief, usually prose composition which reveals the author's personality as it gives his contemplations on the meaning of life: the subjective essay; or his observations on various subjects; the objective essay.

There are several types of essay: 1. observations, which include proverbs, apothegms, aphorisms, maxims; these have been called "the basis of the essay"; 2. the familiar essay which presents some aspect of the personality of the writer as he reacts to his experience and contacts; 3. the character essay which portrays either individual traits, or a type, rank, or class of person, often emphasizing a particular quality common to all — frequently with a moral purpose; 4. the descriptive essay which gives a picture, colored by the personality of the writer. More formal are: the critical essay which attempts to pass judgment on works of art, character and events of history or on social phenomena; the scientific essay which seeks to present the results of scientific observation — often with conscious intention of popularizing interest in science; 5. the philosophic, or reflective, essay which springing from meditation, contemplation or sermon presents the reflections of the writer on such truths as are shown chiefly in the realms of religion, philosophy, morals, education, government or history. Other special types of the essay are the narrative, when like the descriptive, it reveals the personality

of the writer; the letter; and the editorial — if it is not purely objective. The freedom allowed in style and method makes it hard to draw lines between the different kinds of essay, and it is perhaps unnecessary that rigid classification be made; though failure to do so accounts for vague connotations of the term.

As to the structure of the essay it is usually carefully planned. The plan consists of the Introduction, Body and Conclusion.

The Introduction may be of a general character and must lead up to the main subject of the essay. Usually it is not long. The Body of the essay consists of a number of paragraphs, sometimes a few pages, each developing one of the points noted down in the Introduction. The transition from thought to thought is done through connections. The Conclusion contains some sentences illustrating the author's attitude to what has been said in the main part, it may repeat with some alteration the Introduction [What is the English we read, p. 540–591].

## James Thurber
## *Lanterns and Lances*

James Thurber, an American humorist and illustrator, was born in Columbia, Ohio, in 1894. He was educated in Ohio State University. Owing to a boyhood accident which cost him an eye, he was refused by the army, so he spent part of 1917 and 1918 as a code clerk, first in the Department of State in Washington, then in the American Embassy in Paris. He began as a newspaper man on the Columbus Dispatch, and then on the Paris edition of the Chicago Tribune.

J. Thurber drew long before he wrote. His drawings are indescribable unless "one knows them": the huge resigned dogs, the determined and sometimes frightening women, the globular men who try so hard to think so unsuccessfully. They are funny — but they are a psychological and social and sometimes a pathological commentary as well. Besides his own books, he has illustrated three others on dogs, men's fashions, and the English language. His main works are *The Thurber Carnival*, *The Thurber Album*, *Thurber's Dogs*, *Lanterns and Lances*.

In later life James Thurber grew blind increasingly. He died in New York in 1961. In an *Observer* appreciation it was written, "He somehow gave us a sense of revelation… He created a genre and was a giant in it."

One of his critics called J. Thurber "one of the most vigorous talents that has grown in the New Yorker greenhouse." The casual air of both his writing and his drawing is deceptive; he often rewrote a piece ten times, and spent two years on a short book.

There is an eerie, zany quality about his humor that hides a shiver under the laugh. He is consciously whistling in a graveyard: and the terror — which we all share — behind the mirth makes the mirth so much the funnier.

## James Thurber
## *The Darlings at the Top of the Stairs*

Childhood used to end with the discovery that there is no Santa Claus. Nowadays, it too often ends when the child gets his first adult, the way Hemingway got his first rhino, with the difference that the rhino was charging Hemingway, whereas the adult is usually running from the child. This has brought about a change in the folklore and mythology of the American home,[1] and of the homes of other offspring-beleaguered countries.[2] The dark at the top of the stairs once shrouded imaginary bears that lay in wait for tiny tots, but now parents, grandparents, and other relatives are afraid there may be a little darling lurking in the shadows, with blackjack, golf club, or 32-calibre automatic (pistol).

The worried psychologists, sociologists, anthropologists, and other ologists, who jump at the sound of every backfire or slammed door, have called our present jeopardy a "child-centered culture". Every seven seconds a baby is born in the United States, which means that we produce, every two hours, approximately five companies of infantry. I would say these amounts to a child-overwhelmed culture, but I am one of those who do not intend to surrender meekly and unconditionally. There must be a bright side to this menacing state of civilization, and if somebody will snap on his flashlight, we'll take a look around for it.

More has been written about the child than about any age of man, and it is perhaps fortunate that literature is now so extensive a child would have become twenty-one before its parents could get through half the books on how to bring it up. The trouble with the "child expert" is that he is so often a dedicated, or desiccated, expository writer and lecturer, and the tiny creative talents he attempts to cope with are beyond him. Margaret Mead, the American anthropologist, is an exception, for she realizes the dangers inherent in twisting infantile creativity into the patterns of adult propriety, politeness and conformity. Let us glance at a few brief examples of creative literature in the very young, for which they should have been encouraged, not admonished.

The small girl critic who wrote, "This book tells me more about penguins than I wanted to know," has a technique of clarity and directness that might well be studied by the so-called mature critics of England and the United States, whose tendency, in dealing with books about penguins or anything else, is to write long autobiographical rambles.

Then there was the little American girl[3] who was asked by her teacher to write a short story about her family. She managed it in a single true and provocative sentence: "Last night my daddy didn't come home at all." I told this to a five-year old moppet I knew and asked her if she could do as well, and she said "Yes", and she did. Her short story, in its entirety, went like this: "My daddy doesn't take anything with him when he goes away except a nighty and whisky."

I am known to parents as a disruptive force, if not indeed a naughty influence, upon my small colleagues in the field of imaginative writing. When Mandy, aged four, told me, "I want to be a ghost," her mother said quickly, "No, you don't" and I said, "Yes, she does. Let her be a ghost. Maybe she will become another W. E. Henley who wrote, 'And the world's a ghost that gleams, flickers, vanishes away.' "

"Who is W. E. Henley?" The child's mother asked uneasily.

"Wilhelmina Ernestine Henley," I explained. "A poet who became a ghost."

Her Mother said she didn't want Mandy to become a poet or a ghost, but a good wife and mother.

Finally, there was Lisa, aged five, whose mother asked her to thank my wife for the peas we had sent them the day before from our gar-

den. "I thought the peas were awful, I wish you and Mrs. Thurber was dead, and I hate trees," said Lisa, thus conjoining in one creative splurge the nursery rhyme about peas porridge cold, the basic plot sense of James M. Cain, and Birman Wood moving upon Dunsinane.[4] Lisa and I were the only unhorrified persons in the room when she brought this put. We knew that her desire to get rid of her mother and my wife at one fell swoop was a pure device of creative literature. As I explained to the two doomed ladies later, it is important to let your little daughters and sons kill you figuratively, because this is a natural infantile urge that cannot safely be channelled into amenity or what Henry James (1843–1916) — an American novelist and critic, resident in England, called "the twaddle of graciousness". The child that is scolded or punished for its natural human desire to destroy is likely to turn later to the blackjack, the golf club, or the 32-calibre automatic.

The tiny twaddler of ungraciousness has my blessing, as you can see. You can also see that I am mainly concerned with the incipient, or burgeoning, creativity of the female child. This because I am more interested in Thurber's theory of Elaine Vital, the female life force, than in Bergson's theory of Elan Vital,[5] the masculine life force, which it seems to me, is all he isolated. Elaine Vital, if properly directed — that is let alone — may become the hope of the future. God knows we have enough women writers at least one too many (if you ask me), but I believe they are the product of a confined and constrained infantile creativity. Being females, they have turned to the pen and the typewriter, instead of the blackjack, golf club, and 32-calibre automatic.

Boys are perhaps beyond the range of anybody's sure understanding, at least when they are between the ages of eighteen months and ninety years. They have got us into the human quandary, dilemma, plight, predicament, pickle, mess, pretty pass, and kettle of fish in which we now find ourselves. Little boys are much too much for me at my age, for it is they who have taken over the American home, physically. They are in charge of running everything, usually into the ground.

Most American parents will not answer the telephone when it rings, but will let a little boy do it. Telephone operators, I have been informed, now frequently say to a mumbling toddler, "Is there anyone older than you in the house?" Many of the tradespeople and artisans I deal with, or try

to, in my part of Connecticut, go in for this form of evasionism. A small male child will pick up the receiver and burble into the transmitter. In this way urgency, or even crisis, is met with baby talk, or prattle tattle. The fact that my plumbing has let go or a ceiling is falling down is reduced, in this new system of non-communication, to a tiny, halting, almost inaudible recital of what happened to a teddy bear, or why cereal is not good with sliced bananas and should be thrown at Daddy. The tradesman or artisan and his wife are spared the knowledge of a larger disaster at the expense of the nerves and mental balance of the caller. I shall set down here an exasperating experience in this area of obfuscation.

"Oo tiss?" a tiny voice demanded when I called the plumber one day.

"This is Tanta Twaus," I said, "and Tanta Twaus won't give you any Twissmamm presents this Twissmass if you do not put Mummy or Daddy on the other end of this doddam apparatus."

"Appawana?"[6] asked the tiny voice. At this point his mother, like a woman in transport and on her third martini, grabbed up the receiver.

"He said 'Appomattox', didn't he?" she cried. "Isn't that wonderful?"

"Madam," I said, chilling the word, "the answer to the question I just put to your son is Waterloo, not Appomattox.[7] The next voice you will hear will be that of me, dying in the flood of broken pipes and the rubble of fallen ceiling." And I slammed up the receiver.

Ours is indeed a child-centered culture, in the sense that the little boys have got me squarely centered in their gun sights. I shall continue to urge on the little girls who hate trees, are indifferent to penguins, envy Banquo, wish Mother were with the angels, and can read Daddy like a book. What you are going to do, I don't know, but I advise you to keep glancing over your shoulder, and look out for the darlings at the top of the stairs.

**Commentary**

1. …a change in the folklore and mythology of the American home…

The use of the literary words folklore and mythology is meant to characterize the overwhelming changes that have taken place in the formerly idealized American family on a wide scale.

2. …offspring-beleaguered countries.

Here we find a typical example of the author's grotesque treatment of his topic. The use of the military term beleaguered makes his humour still sharper.

3. There was the little American girl…

The use of the definite article after the construction with the introductory there is meant to emphasize the exceptional importance of the person or object mentioned.

4. …and Birnam Wood moving upon Dunsinane. See also below the little girls… who envy Banquo.

These are allusions to *Macbeth*, the famous tragedy by Shakespeare. The whole set of Shakespearean allusions produces an effect bordering on the grotesque, since they are related to "tiny tots". Dunsinane is a castle in Scotland, Macbeth's last residence. And it was Macbeth who hated trees, because he was doomed to defeat and death on the day when he would see Birnam Wood move upon Dunsinane. Banquo was murdered on Macbeth's order and later appeared as a spirit before Macbeth's eyes, unseen by the eyes of others. The allusion is somewhat humorous because the little girl envies Banquo just for being a ghost unseen by the eyes of other people. Thurber intentionally oversimplifies the matter, as with Shakespeare the appearance of Banquo is of great moral, philosophical and poetical value.

5. Bergson, Henri (1859–1941) — a French idealist philosopher, representative of intuitivism. *Elaine Vital* is the author's play on words. Thurber jokingly changed the French expression *Elan Vital* (man's life force) into *Elaine Vital* using a proper female name for the notion of the female life force.

6. "Oo tiss?.. Appawana?"

This is the author's representation of baby-talk.

7. *Appomattox* is the town in central Virginia where General Robert E. Lee surrendered to General Ulysses S. Grant on April 9, 1865, bringing the Civil War to a close. Waterloo is a town in central Belgium near the site of a decisive defeat of Napoleon by Wellington and Blücher (1815). Waterloo (fig.) — a disastrous and crushing defeat.

**Understanding the Selection**

1. Comment on the title of the story. What is the stylistic function of the word "darlings" in it? How does it help the reader to grasp the main idea of the text?

2. What is the main idea of the text at large and how is it conveyed to the reader? Try to formulate it in brief.

3. What does the author mean when speaking about the changes that have taken place in the American home and the homes of "other offspring-beleaguered countries?" Express your own opinion on the subject.

4. What does J. Thurber mean by "child-centered" and "child-overwhelmed" culture? How does he treat the problem of what he qualifies as "this menacing state of civilization"?

5. What is said about infantile creativity in the story? Say what you think about it. Why do the examples proving the author's point of view produce a humorous effect? What additional information about the American home do we obtain from the children's "stories"? What stylistic devices prevail in the text? Point them out and comment on their use and function.

6. What is the author's attitude to psychologists, sociologists, anthropologists and "other ologists" as he jokingly calls them? Prove your opinion citing the text.

7. How is the problem of child and parents' relations treated in the story? Does Thurber side with the children or with the parents? Can you call his approach to the problem purely humorous? Prove your point.

8. Speak about the choice of words in the text (military terms, baby-talk, etc.), the play on words (puns) and their stylistic function.

9. Make a summary of your comments and try to define to what literary genre the story belongs.

## John Boynton Priestley
## *Essays*

J. B. Priestley is a famous English novelist, dramatist, critic and essayist. He was educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. His best-known novels are *The Good Companions* (1929) and *Angel Pavement* (1930). His best-known plays include *Dangerous Corner* (1932), *Time and the Conveys* and *I Have Been Here Before* (1937), *An Inspector Calls* (1946), and *The Linden Tree* (1947).

*Essays of Five Decades* by J. B. Priestley is a representative selection of some of the most important works of Great Britain's foremost living man of letters. In range, in compassion, in humour, in sardonic edge,

in perception, and in sheer lyrical quality, it is a selection that no other living writer can match.

Before J. B. Priestley came to be celebrated as a novelist and playwright, he had published half a dozen volumes of essays. These books established him as a literary figure, and in the years that have passed, he has published half a dozen more. One-sixth of Priestley's prodigious literary output has been given over to essay form. He has developed the genre in ways which are on the one hand very much his own but on the other reflect the development of journalism and social criticism over a period of fifty years.

His work has been published in every kind of periodical and has dealt with an unlimited variety of subject-matter.

Priestley is perceptive and witty on topics ranging from television and smoking to art critics and the Feminine Revolution.

In all his essays, from criticism, the essay-portrait, and description, to the more polemical essays he has written over the past fifteen years, Priestley makes an appeal for "life with some fire in it," and warns repeatedly against the stifling of original thought by rigid social and political structures.

*Delight* is not a conventional collection of essays; it might almost be said to consist of one long essay in a kaleidoscope form. Priestley marvels his way through a considerable number of pieces — to be precise, one hundred and fourteen — on people, moments, places, things which have ever brought him the swift dazzle of delight. None of the pieces is long; some are very short indeed; but each is an essay in miniature — or one facet of the composite essay on delight, which is after all an emotion definable only through its many causes. Every piece is intensely personal; there is no deliberate seeking for effect here, nor formalized creation of a paper personality; only one writer burbling happily away to himself with a genuine pleasure that brings its own grace to the style.

Within the five decades of Priestley's essays, *Delight* forms a sunny domestic interlude; not surprisingly, most of the pleasures it records have to do with the family, with recollection of boyhood, with the encounters and observations of the private man.

The essays which he produced during the next twenty years have been of a different kind; written mainly for the London political review

*The New Statesman and Nation*, they are generally polemical in tone, written as their author remarks, "to challenge and provoke." In their total effect, they add up to an expression of what has perhaps always been J. B. Priestley's fundamental preoccupation as a writer: a concern that life of the people — and particularly the people nearest at hand, in England — should contain a proper human dignity; that we should all, as it were, be given not merely entertaining or reflecting; he is also trying, sometimes most wrathfully, to make his readers think.

### *Fountains*

(From *Delight*)

Fountains. I doubt if I ever saw one, even the smallest, without some tingling of delight. They enchant me in daytime, when the sunlight ennobles their jets and sprays and turns their scattered drops into diamonds. They enchant me after dark when coloured lights are played on them, and the night rains emeralds, rubies, sapphires. And, best of all, when the last colour is whisked away, and there they are in a dazzling white glory! The richest memory I have of the Bradford Exhibition of my boyhood, better than even the water shute of the Somali Village or the fireworks, is of the Fairy Fountain, which changed color to the waltzes of the Blue Hungarian Band, and was straight out of the *Arabian Nights*[1] and I believe my delight in these magical jets of water, the invention of which does credit to our whole species,[2] is shared by ninety-nine persons out of every hundred. But where are they, these fountains we love? We hunger for them and are not fed. A definite issue could be made out of this, beginning with letters to *The Times*,[3] continuing with meetings and unanimous resolutions and deputations to Downing Street,[4] and ending if necessary with processions and mass demonstrations and some rather ugly scenes. What is the use of our being told that we live in a democracy if we want fountains and have no fountains? Expensive? Their cost is trifling compared to that of so many idiotic things we are given and do not want. Our towns are crammed with all manner of rubbish that no people in their senses ever asked for, yet where are the fountains? By all means let us have a policy of full employment, increased production, no gap between exports and imports, social security, a balanced This and a planned That, but let us also have fountains — more and more fountains — higher and

higher fountains — fountains like wine, like blue and green fire, fountains like diamonds — and rainbows in every square. Crazy? Probably. But with hot wars and cold wars we have already tried going drearily mad. Why not try going delightfully mad? Why not stop spouting ourselves and let it be done for us by graceful fountains, exquisite fountains, beautiful fountains?

### *Disturbing?*

(From *The New Statesman*)

What has been puzzling me for some time now is this. Why does everyone worth reading, hearing, looking at, have to be disturbing? That is according to all in reviewers and critics. (We don't have to bother about elderly men in the provinces.) But among men and women who count, the pacesetters in taste, the highest term of praise is disturbing. Not only is our neo-Elizabethan age[5] really a kind of Renaissance,[6] astonishingly rich in genius, but all this genius here to disturb is Briggs, Higgs, Niggs, in their day — two years ago — could disturb, but the new man, Figgs, who'll be in color supplement any week now, can disturb until we're ready to scream. And if we want to know what we look like when we scream, there's always Francis Bacon,[7] — a disturber if there ever was.

It must be a moot-point[8] — though I can't be sure because I've not been invited to attend the moot — whether the newest novel is more disturbing than the newest play, the film from Prague more disturbing than the sculpture from Brooklyn, New York. But what is certain is that as they are all significant works of contemporary art, they give them a chance and they will disturb the hell of us. That is what the critics say, and they ought to know, many of them having devoted themselves to criticism since 1961.

The day may arrive soon when there is little or no difference between advanced art and a disturbance. Already we have avant-garde types who don't play pianos but hack and bash them to pieces in what they believe to be a meaningful fashion. Soon there may be plays in which stinkbombs are hurled into the audience at the end of the first act and nobody sees the final scene of the second act because of the tear gas. We want to be disturbed, do we? Well, the arts will be right in there with us…

## *Long Trousers*

(From *Delight*)

There was a time when merely wearing long trousers brought me delight. In those days, when I must have been about fifteen, I had only one suit — my lest with long trousers. My other suits had knee-breeches, buttoning tightly just below the knee and worn with thick long stockings, turned down at the top. There was really nothing wrong with my appearance when I wore these knee-breeches and long stockings, for after years of football I had muscular well-shaped legs; but whenever I wore them I felt I was still imprisoned, a shame-faced giant, in the stale miniature world of childhood. Condemned — and I use this term because there were strict rules at home about which suits could be worn — to wear those knee-breeches, I felt no glimpse of my real self could catch the town's eye. I might almost have been sent to school in a pram. Conversely I felt that as soon as I put on the long trousers then appearance and reality were gloriously one; I joined the world of men; and without doing anything more than wear these trousers — leaving the other wretched things at home — I could feel my whole nature expanding magnificently. On the occasional days when I was allowed to wear the adult trousers to go to school, I almost floated there. Never did eighteen inches of cloth do more for the human spirit. On those mornings now when I seem to stare sullenly at the wreck of a shining world, why do I not remind myself that although I grow old and fat and peevish at least I am wearing my long trousers.

**Commentary**

1. …out of the *Arabian Nights*…

*Arabian Nights* is a collection of tales from Arabia, Persia and India, dating from the 10th century.

2. …our whole species…

*Species* (pl. unchanged) — kind; here: mankind.

3. *The Times* is the name of a British conservative newspaper.

4. …deputations to Downing Street…

Downing Street is the street in London where the official residence of Prime Minister of Great Britain is situated.

5. …our neo-Elizabethan age…

Neo-Elizabethan age is the time of the rule of Queen Elizabeth II (born 1926), over Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

6. …a kind of Renaissance…

Renaissance is the great revival of art and learning in Europe during the 14th, 15th and 16th centuries. It took for its inspiration much that had been done in ancient Greece and Rome.

7. …there's always Francis Bacon…

Francis Bacon (1561–1626) is a great English lawyer, philosopher, politician and essayist Lord Chancellor in 1621.

8. It must be a moot-point…

Moot-point (question) one that may be debated or argued; moot — a discussion; a law students' discussion of a hypothetical case.

**Understanding the Selection**

1. Speak on essay *Fountains*. Try to classify it. What can be said about its structure?

2. What is the main idea of the essay? Is it as simple as it may seem judging by its initial sentence? Prove your point.

3. What can be said about its general slant? Find instances of humour and satire in the text.

4. Find the key-word of the essay, and speak of its role.

5. Characterize the language of the essay, the author's choice of words and such stylistic devices as metaphors, epithets, similes, metonymy, parallel constructions, rhetorical questions and speak of their emotional value. List all artistic devices that help the author to create an atmosphere of beauty. Illustrate your answer.

6. Comment on the author's conclusion. Compare the Introduction and the Conclusion to the essay and point out the difference between them.

7. Speak on essay *Disturbing*. Does it belong to the same type of essay as essay *Fountains*? Compare the two and find points of difference and similarity. Could it be placed alongside with the first essay in the author's collection *Delight*? If not, explain why.

8. What is the main idea of the essay? Account for the question-mark in the title.

9. What is the mood prevalent in the essay? Prove your statement. Say whether there is humour, irony and satire in the text. Illustrate your answer.

10. Characterize the language of the essay and say if it has much in common with that of essay *Fountains*. What is the difference? Account for it. Speak on the choice of words and artistic means used by the author to impress the readers with his ideas.

11. What is the stylistic role of the author's use of such fictitious names as Briggs, Higgs, Niggs and Figgs alongside with the name of the great English philosopher, politician and essayist Francis Bacon? Discuss connotations in those names. What discrepancy makes the author's statement ironic? How does Priestley achieve a parody on modern arts? What is Priestley's attitude to modern arts and modern tastes? Who does he allude to when speaking about "elderly men in the provinces"? Could we trace where the author's sympathy lies?

12. Comment on the syntax of the conclusion of the essay. Explain the use of the disjunctive question there and say what message it is meant to carry to the reader.

13. What makes essay *Long Trousers* quite different from the previous two? In what key is the essay written? Give a general definition of the essay and make a brief summary of its contents.

14. What is its theme? Does it raise any serious problems? What problems are dealt with there? Is it justifiably included into the collection entitled *Delight*? Prove your point.

15. What do we get to know about the author from the essay under discussion? How is he presented in the essay? Can we guess at his age and personality? Would it be right to call him an old grumbler after all? Sum him up.

16. Do you feel a ring of irony in the last sentence of the essay? How is the effect it produces on the reader?

17. Expand on the choice of words and phraseology in the text. What words abound in the text? To what sphere of life do they mainly belong?

18. Make a summary of your comments on the three essays presented above. Draw some comparisons and expand on essay writing in general.

## Alfred Coppard
## *Tribute*

*Tribute* is written in the genre of pamphlet, a type of literary composition in which some social evil is exposed and satirized. Contrast is the underlying device upon which *Tribute* is built. Observe its manifestations when you read the story; the following tasks may serve you as a guide.

Two honest young men lived in Braddle, worked together at the spinning mills at Braddle, and courted the same girl in the town of Braddle, a girl named Patience who was poor and pretty. One of them, Nathan Regent, who wore cloth uppers to his best boots, was steady, silent, and dignified, but Tony Vassall, the other, was such a happy-go-lucky fellow that he soon carried the good will of Patience in his heart, in his handsome face, in his pocket at the end of his nickel watch chain, or wherever the sign of requited love is carried by the happy lover. The virtue of steadiness, you see, can be measured only by the years, and thus Tony had put such a hurry into the tender bosom of Patience; silence may very well be golden, but it is a currency not easy to negotiate in the kingdom of courtship; dignity is so much less than simple faith that it is unable to move even one mountain, it charms the hearts only of bank managers and bishops.

So Patience married Tony Vassall and Nathan turned his attention to other things, among them to a girl who had a neat little fortune — and Nathan married that.

Braddle is a large gaunt hill covered with dull little houses, and it has flowing from its side a stream which feeds a gigantic and beneficent mill. Without that mill — as everybody in Braddle knew, for it was there that everybody in Braddle worked — the heart of Braddle would cease to beat. Tony went on working at the mill. So did Nathan in a way, but he had a cute ambitious wife, and what with her money and influence he was soon made a manager of one of the departments. Tony went on working at the mill. In a few more years Nathan's steadiness so increased his opportunities that he became joint manager of the whole works. Then his colleague died; he was appointed sole manager, and his wealth became so great that eventually Nathan and Nathan's wife bought the entire concern.

Tony went on working at the mill. He now had two sons and a daughter, Nancy, as well as his wife Patience, so that even his possessions may be said to have increased although his position was no different from what it had been for twenty years.

The Regents, now living just outside Braddle, had one child, a daughter named Olive, of the same age as Nancy. She was very beautiful and had been educated at a school to which she rode on a bicycle until she was eighteen.

About that time, you must know, the country embarked upon a disastrous campaign, a war so calamitous that every sacrifice was demanded of Braddle. The Braddle mills were worn from their very bearings by their colossal efforts, increasing by day or by night, to provide what were called the sinews of war. Almost everybody in Braddle grew white and thin and sullen with the strain of constant labour. Not quite everybody, for the Regents received such a vast increase of wealth that their eyes sparkled; they scarcely knew what to do with it; their faces were neither white nor sullen.

"In times like these," declared Nathan's wife, "we must help our country still more, still more we must help; let us lend our money to the country."

"Yes," said Nathan.

So they lent their money to their country. The country paid them tribute, and therefore, as the Regents' wealth continued to flow in, they helped their country more and more; they even lent the tribute back to the country and received yet more tribute for that.

"In times like these," said the country, "we must have more men, more men we must have." And so Nathan went and sat upon a Tribunal; for, as everybody in Braddle knew, if the mills of Braddle ceased to grind, the heart of Braddle would cease to beat.

"What can we do to help our country?" asked Tony Vassall of his master, "we have no money to lend."

"No?" was the reply. "But you can give your strong son Dan."

Tony gave his son Dan to the country.

"Good-bye, dear son," said his father, and his brother and his sister Nancy said "Good-bye." His mother kissed him.

Dan was killed in battle; his sister Nancy took his place at the mill.

In a little while the neighbors said to Tony Vassall: "What a fine strong son is your young Albert Edward!"

And Tony gave his son Albert Edward to the country.

"Good-bye, dear son," said his father; his sister kissed him, his mother wept on his breast.

Albert Edward was killed in battle; his mother took his place at the mill.

But the war did not cease; though friend and foe alike were almost drowned in blood it seemed as powerful as eternity, and in time Tony Vassall too went to battle and was killed. The country gave Patience a widow's pension, as well as a touching inducement to marry again; she died of grief. Many people died in those days, it was not strange at all. Nathan and his wife got so rich that after the war they died of over-eating, and their daughter Olive came into a vast fortune and a Trustee.

The Trustee went on lending the Braddle money to the country, the country went on sending large sums of interest to Olive (which was the country's tribute to her because of her parents' unforgotten, and indeed unforgettable, kindness), while Braddle went on with its work of enabling the country to do this. For when the war came to an end the country told Braddle that those who had not given their lives must now turn to and really work, work harder than before the war, much, much harder, or the tribute could not be paid and the heart of Braddle would therefore cease to beat. Braddle folk saw that this was true, only too true, and they did as they were told.

The Vassall girl, Nancy, married a man who had done deeds of valour in the war. He was a mill hand like her father, and they had two sons, Daniel and Albert Edward. Olive married a grand man, though it was true he was not very grand to look at. He had a small sharp nose, but that did not matter very much because when you looked at him in profile his bouncing red cheeks quite hid the small sharp nose, as completely as two hills hide a little barn in a valley. Olive lived in a grand mansion with numerous servants who helped her to rear a little family of one, a girl named Mercy, who also had a small sharp nose and round red cheeks.

Every year after the survivors' return from the war Olive gave a supper to her workpeople and their families, hundreds of them; for six hours there would be feasting and toys, music and dancing. Every year Olive would make a little speech to them all, reminding them all of their duty to Braddle and Braddle's duty to the country, although, indeed, she did

not remind them of the country's tribute to Olive. That was perhaps a theme unfitting to touch upon, it would have been boastful and quite unbecoming.

"These are grave times for our country," Olive would declare, year after year; "her responsibilities are enormous, we must all put our shoulders to the wheel."

Every year one of the workmen would make a little speech in reply, thanking Olive for enabling the heart of Braddle to continue its beats, calling down the spiritual blessings of heaven and the golden blessings of the world upon Olive's golden head. One year the honour of replying fell to the husband of Nancy, and he was more than usually eloquent for on that very day their two sons had commenced to doff bobbins at the mill. No one applauded louder than Nancy's little Dan or Nancy's Albert Edward, unless it was Nancy herself. Olive was always much moved on these occasions. She felt that she did not really know these people, that she would never know them; she wanted to go on seeing them, being with them, and living with rapture in their workaday world. But she did not do this.

"How beautiful it all is!" she would sigh to her daughter, Mercy, who accompanied her. "I am so happy. All these dear people are being cared for by us, just simply us. God's scheme of creation — you see — the Almighty — we are his agents — we must always remember that. It goes on for years, years upon years it goes on. It will go on, of course, yes, for ever; the heart of Braddle will not cease to beat. The old ones die, the young grow old, the children mature and marry and keep the mill going. When I am dead…"

"Mamma, mamma."

"O, yes, indeed, one day! Then you will have to look after all these things. Mercy, and you will talk to them — just like me. Yes, to own the mill is a grave and difficult thing, only those who own them know how grave and difficult; it calls forth all one's deepest and rarest qualities; but it is a divine position, a noble responsibility. And the people really love me — I think."

**Understanding the Selection**

1. Pick out and comment on the words that characterize: a) Nathan Regent; b) Tony Vassall at the time they were young and courted the same girl.

Interpret the following sentence: "So Patience married Tony Vassall and Nathan turned his attention to other things, among them to a girl who had a neat little fortune — and Nathan married that." Indicate the case of metonymy contained in the sentence and speak on its meaning.

2. Describe Nathan's career after he had married a neat little fortune. What was the life Tony lived at the time? What recurrent phrase speaks of his way of living? What meaning is conveyed by this recurrent phrase?

3. Speak of the two families during the war. Pay attention to the word tribute as it first appears in the story and after. Comment on its connotation.

4. Indicate the figures of speech contained in the sentence: "The country gave Patience a widow's pension, as well as a touching inducement to marry again; she died of grief." Speak on their connotations.

5. Pick out sentences which show how Olive spoke to and of her workmen. Evaluate her manner of speaking.

Name and speak on the effect of the figures of speech contained in the following sentence: "She felt that she really didn't know these people, that she would never know them; she wanted to go on seeing them, being with them, and living with rapture in their workaday world. But she did not do this."

6. Write out sentences and phrases which seem to you to be especially sarcastic. Observe the tropes and figures of speech contained in them. Which of them do you find recurring in the text? Enumerate them and interpret their effect.

7. What are the dictionary meanings of the words *vassal* and *regent*? What do the respective names of the two men imply?

8. Make a page-long statement of what you think the author satirizes in his pamphlet. Interpret the title in this connection.

*Appendix 1*

## GENERAL PLAN FOR TEXT ANALYSIS

1. Preliminary information about the text under interpretation:

a) say if it is a complete text or an excerpt;

b) specify the style of the text;

c) state what constituent parts ("communicative blocks") the text falls into. If possible, establish the exposition, build-up, climax, denouement; say if any parts are missing;

d) outline the plot of the text (1–3 sentences).

2. Peculiarities of the author's style:

a) discuss the mode of the narration, the share of descriptions, dialogues, monologues represented speech, author's digressions in it. Find out how the author's attitude to the events and characters is expressed;

b) discuss the syntactical, lexical, semantic, incidentally morphological and phonetical peculiarities of the text under analysis, the purpose of their employment by author.

3. Describe the main characters in detail: appearance, psychological portrait, attitudes to the events, to each other, conceptual roles in the text. Ascertain how the characters are portrayed (directly or indirectly — through speech and actions).

4. Proceed analyzing the text part after part. For each part you may follow the order "factual information → expressive means → sense" or "factual information → sense → expressive means". Speak about the implicit side of the text: the reader's presupposition, possible implications (subtext).

5. Ascertain the key ideas of the text and how they are conveyed.

6. Comment on the author's skill and the literary merits of the text in general.

# SAMPLE OF STYLISTIC ANALYSIS

The forthcoming extract presents two opening paragraphs of Th. Dreiser's short story *Typhoon*, written at the end of the 20-ies and published in 1927 in his collection *The Chains*.

The paragraphs stand, in sharp semantic contrast to each other: the first one describing the world of the Zobels, with their steady stability, conservatism and adherence to the old days, the second one — the violent, shifting, changeable world of modern tendencies, demands and attitudes.

The contrast is reflected in the language, especially in the syntactical organization of the paragraphs: the unhurried; even archaic ('took unto himself') structures, completed developed sentences are replaced by one-member sentences, rhetorical questions, detachment and other entities of emphatic syntax.

Into a *singularly* restricted and *indifferent* environment Ida Zobel was born.

The narration begins with partial inversion, promoting the adverbial modifier of place into the most conspicuous position, thus adding relevance and importance to the indication of the place of action.

There are two epithets in it, one of which is a two-step epithet, i. e., epithet and intensifier ("singularly restricted").

Her mother, a *severe*, *prim* German woman, died when she was only three, leaving her to the care of her father and his sister, both *extremely reserved* and *orderly* persons.

All four epithets of the second sentence appear in apposition, which fact provides them with additional emphasis, produced by independent stress and intonation. One of the epithets, as in the preceding sentence, is also modified by an intensifier, thus becoming a two-step epithet.

Later, after Ida had reached the age of ten, William Zobel *took unto himself* a second wife, who resembled Zobel and his first wife in their respect for labour and order.

Both were at odds with the *brash* gayety and looseness of the *American* world in which they found themselves. Being *narrow, sober, workaday* Germans, they were annoyed by the groups of *restless, seeking, eager,* and *as Zobel saw it rather scandalous* men and woman who *paraded* the neighbourhood streets of an evening *without a single thought apparently* other than pleasure. And these *young scamps* and their girl friends who *sped about* in automobiles. The *loose indifferent* parents. What was to become of such a nation? Were not the daily newspapers, which he would scarcely tolerate in his home longer, full of these *wretched* doings?

The pictures of almost naked woman, that filled them all! Jazz! Petting parties! High school boys with flasks on their hips! Girls with skirts to their knees, rolled-down stockings,

The sentence also partially inverted, begins with two detachments, separating both adverbial modifiers of time by commas. Opening sentences with adverbial modifiers, Dreiser draws the reader's attention to the time, place and manner of action, which suggest a touch of authenticity to the narrated events: plausible circumstances of the action force plausibility up on the action itself, making the reader believe that the narrated events had actually taken place in real life.

'Brash' — an epithet, offering the first indication of the Zobels' world-outlook.

The logical attribute 'American' serves to stress the foreign (German) origin of the personages and the alien, forbidden atmosphere of their relations with the outer world.

Two contrasting strings of epithets (three in each string) characterize the two opposing parties — the Zobels and the young society.

The subjectivity of Zobel's evaluations is stressed by two parentheses ('as Zobel saw it' and 'apparently'). They lessen the finality and disapprobation of otherwise negative qualifications and prepare the ground for the next sentence. 'As Zobel saw it' is used in the function of the author's remark, introducing the opinion of the character in the form of his represented speech, which, once intro-

rolled-down neckbands, bare arms, bobbed hair, no decent, *concealing* underwear!

"What — a daughter of his grow up like this! Be permitted to join in this *prancing* route to perdition! Never!"

duced, is carried to the end of the paragraph.

Pay attention to syntactical and lexical changes which indicate this shift of planes of narration: two elliptical sentences are followed by several rhetorical questions addressed to nobody in particular and mentally answered by the questioner himself. And then again a series of highly-emphatic exclamatory sentences, mainly one-member and even one-word.

The emotional state of the character is revealed not only through the syntax but also through the abundance of most subjective stylistic means — epithets, and qualitative words ("paraded", "Sped about" and others). Besides them there are also repetitions ('The loose… rolled-down'), hyperboles ('without a single thought,' 'filled them all', etc.) — another token of fluttered emotions.

The represented inner speech of Mr. Zobel very naturally culminates in direct orders, which open up the next paragraph and are placed in inverted commas. But we perceive here that the words do not occur simultaneously with their utterance, and the pronoun 'his' used instead of 'mine' indicates the fact.

Thus we may state that the paragraph of represented inner speech is followed by represented uttered speech, which enables the writer to convey the feelings and emotions of his character but as if from within, through the character himself.

# GLOSSARY OF STYLISTIC DEVICES*

**Alliteration**

is the deliberate repetition of an initial consonant sound in two or more neighbouring words or syllables. Generally, alliteration adds emotional colouring to the utterance.

Ex: ***D****eep into the* ***d****arkness peering, long I stoo****d*** *there won****d****ering, fearing*… (E. A. Poe).

**Allusion**

is a reference to specific places, people, literary characters, sayings, mythology or historical events known to the reader that by some association have come to represent a certain thing or idea.

In newspaper headlines allusions may be decoded at first glance: "Pie in the sky" for Railmen.

**Anaphora**

is a stylistic device; the repetition of words or phrases at the beginning of several successive clauses, sentences or lines. Its main function is emphasis.

Ex: *Ignorant of the long and stealthy march of passion*…; *ignorant of how Soams had watched her, ignorant of Fleur's reckless depression*… (J. Galsworthy).

**Antithesis**

is the juxtaposition of sharply contrasting ideas in balanced or parallel words, phrases or grammatical structures.

Ex: *A saint abroad, and a devil at home* (Bunyan).

**Antonomasia** (name instead)

is the use of the name of a historical, literary, mythological or biblical personage to express general idea.

Ex: *Miss Tooth. He bought Dreiser.*

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* См.: *Романова Н. Н., Филлипов А. В.* Стилистика и стили : учеб. пособие; словарь. М. : Флинта : МПСИ, 2006. 416 с. ; *Galperin I. R.* English Stylistics. M. : Книжный дом «ЛИБРОКОМ», 2010. 336 с.

**Apokoinu construction**

is a characteristic feature of irregular oral speech. It presents a blend of two clauses into one, which is achieved at expense of the omission of the connecting word and the double syntactical function acquired by the unit occupying the linking position between both former clauses. The main stylistic function of apokoinu constructions is to emphasize the irregular, careless or uneducated character of the speech of personages.

Ex: *I'm the first one* (who) *saw her.*

**Aposiopesis** (break-in-the-narrative)

is a stopping short for rhetorical effect, caused by the speaker's unwillingness to proceed or unability to proceed because of very strong emotions.

Ex: *If it wasn't for Mary and children…*

**Archaisms**

They denote words which are practically out of use in present-day language.

Ex: *methinks* (= it seems to me), *nay* (= no).

**Asyndeton**

is the connection between parts of a sentence or between sentences without any formal sign. Such structures make the utterance sound like one syntactical unit to be pronounced in one breath group.

Ex: *Bicket didn't answer his throat felt too dry* (J. Galsworthy).

**Barbarisms**

are loan (borrowed) words which have not entirely been assimilated into English.

Ex: *solo*, *tenor*, *kartoffel*, *sputnik*, etc.

**Cant**

is a secret lingo of the underworld. Cant words are for the most part ordinary words with transferred meanings. Numerous examples of cant can be found in *Oliver Twist* by Ch. Dickens.

**Chiasmus** (reversed parallel construction)

is based on the repetition of a syntactical pattern but it has a cross order words and phrases.

Ex: *Down dropped the breeze*
*The sails dropped down* (Coleridge).

**Cliche**

is a stereotyped unoriginal phrase.

Ex: *rosy dreams of youth*.

**Climax** (gradation)

is a figure of speech in which a series of phrases or sentences is arranged in ascending order of rhetorical forcefulness; the highest point, culmination; the point of highest dramatic tension or a major turning point in the action. Climax in a sentence is achieved when ideas are presented in the order of rising importance.

Ex: *It was a lovely city, a beautiful city, a fair city*.

**Colloquial spoken English**

is the style of language of everyday life which answers the needs of communication. It is essentially a dialogue in which all the participants exchange their thoughts freely. The vocabulary is neither very rich nor refined, the structure of sentences simple, often elliptical to the utmost.

**Ellipsis**

is the omission of a word or words necessary for the complete syntactical construction of a sentence but not necessary for understanding it.

Ex: *Thrice happy he who, after survey of the good company, can win a corner* (G. Byron).

**Epiphora**

is the repetition at the end of consecutive sentences, clauses or phrases.

Ex: *I am exactly the man to be placed in a superior position in such a case as that. I am above the rest of mankind, in such a case like that* (Ch. Dickens).

**Epithet**

is a figure of speech; it is an attributive characterization of a person, thing or phenomenon. Usually it consists of one word, adjective or adverb, modifying respectively nouns or verbs. Sometimes epithets may be expressed by nouns, mainly in *of*-phrases. It is necessary to distinguish between a poetic epithet and a simple adjective. An epithet creates an image while an adjective only indicates a certain property of the thing spoken about. Epithets on the whole reveal the emotionally coloured individual attitude of the author towards the object spoken of. There are also the so-called conventional (standing) epithets, a kind of literary cliche.

Ex: *careful attention*, *voiceless sands*, etc.

**Euphemism**

is a word or phrase used to peplace an unpleasant word or expression by a more acceptable one.

Ex: *to die: to pass away, to expire, to be no more, to join the majority.*

**Euphony**

is a term reffering to the choice and use of sounds to produce an acoustic impression but suited to enhance the general mood or text is meant to arouse. Euphony is generally achieved by such phonetic stylistic devices as alliteration and onomatopoeia.

**Hyperbole**

is a deliberate overstatement or exaggeration of a feature essential to the object or phenomenon.

Ex: *They were smoking their ears off.*

**Imagery**

is the generic feature of the belles-lettres style. In its broad sense it stands for impressions born by objective reality in human beings. In its narrow sense image and imagery can be understood as trops, i. e. a stylistic device based on a shift of meaning.

Ex: *I feel so darned lonely* (G. Green).

**Inversion**

aims at attaching logical stress or additional emotional colouring to the surface meaning of the utterance.

Ex: *Talent Mr. Micawber has, Capital Mr. Micawber has not* (Ch. Dickens).

**Irony**

is the use of words to convey the opposite of their literal meaning; an expression or utterance marked by a deliberate contrast between apparent and intended meaning; a literary style employing such contrasts for humorous or rhetorical effect; incongruity between what might be expected and what actually occurs. Bitter, socially or politically aimed irony is referred to as sarcasm.

Ex: *It must be delightful to find oneself in a foreign country without a penny in one's pocket.*

**Litotes**

is a stylistic device consisting of a peculiar use of negative constructions. The negation plus noun or adjective serves to establish a positive feature in a person or thing.

Ex: *He is not a silly man.*

**Metaphor**

is a figure of speech in which a word or phrase literally denoting one kind of object or idea is used in place of another to suggest a likeness or analogy between them. Thus a metaphor may be regarded as a compressed simile. The metaphor may be expressed by any part of speech. It may be prolonged or extended (sustained metaphor) when one word used in a transferred sense calls forth a transference of meaning in the whole sequence of words related to it. A hackneyed or trite metaphor is a metaphor made common as the result of being often in use.

Ex: *The leaves fell sorrowfully.*

**Metonymy**

is a figure of speech consisting of the use of one word for another denoting a thing of which it is part or with which it is associated (effect for the cause, cause for the effect, the sign for the thing signified, the container for the contained, the instrument for the action, etc.).

Ex: *Here the noble lord inclined his knee to the Woolsack* (Hansard).

**Onomatopoeia**

is a combination of speech sounds which aims at imitating sounds produced in nature, by things, by people.

Ex: *ding-dong, cuckoo; Silver bells… how they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle* (E. Poe).

**Oxymoron**

is a combination of two words (mostly an adjective and a noun or an adverb with an adjectives) in which the meaning of the two clash being opposite in sense.

Ex: *low skyscrapers*, *horribly beautiful.*

**Parallelism**

consists in the similarity of the syntactical structure of successive phrases, clauses or sentences. Parallel constructions are often accompanied by the repetition of one or more words. Similarly built constructions (parallel constructions) create rhythmical arrangement of speech. The same-

ness of the syntactical pattern stresses the similarity of the notions expressed in each sentence. Parallel arrangement of sentences is often made use of in bookish and official style. This grammatical device usually implies comparison and serves to bring forth either similarity or the difference between the objects compared. Parallelism may perform different functions.

Ex: *There were… real silver spoons to stir the tea with, and real china cups to drink it out of, and plates of the same to hold the cakes and toast in* (Ch. Dickens).

**Periphrasis**

is a device which denotes the use of a longer phrasing in place of a possible shorter and plainer form of expression. It's also called circumlocution.

Ex: *the cap and gown* (= a student), *the fair sex* (= women).

**Polysyndeton**

is the stylistic device of connecting sentences, or phrases, or words by using connectives before each component part.

Ex: *The heaviest rain and snow, and hail and sleet, could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect* (Ch. Dickens).

**Pun**

is a play on words; humorous use of words to suggest different meanings, or of words of the same sound with different meanings.

Ex: *The Importance of Being Earnest* by O. Wilde.

**Represented speech**

is neither direct speech, which reproduces the speaker's exact words, nor is it indirect speech. Represented speech differs from both direct and indirect speech in that it is a purely literary phenomenon never appearing in oral style. Usually it renders the character's thoughts which are not uttered aloud. It is a powerful stylistic device commonly used in modern literature to reveal the character's psychology or temporary mental state. Though represented speech is neither direct nor indirect speech, it has some traits in common with both of them. Like indirect speech represented speech is characterized by: a) the use of the third person of pronouns instead of the first person; b) the observance of the rule of sequence of tenses in independent sentences. Like direct speech it is characterized by: a) the use of exclamatory, interrogative, and one-member sentences, the use of interjections and the words yes and no; b) the use of words

and expressions typical of the character's speech; c) the use of elliptical sentences. Very often represented speech is included into the author's narration without any perceptible transition from one to the other.

**Rhetorical question**

is a stylistic device which consists in reshaping the grammatical meaning of the interrogative sentence. The question is no longer a question but a statement expressed in the interrogative sentence.

Ex: *Is there such a thing as a happy life*?

**Rhyme**

is the repetition usually at regular intervals of the same or similar final sound combinations in words. Rhyme is a characteristic feature of poetry.

**Rhythm**

is a regular alternation of similar or equal units of speech. In prose it's used to produce the desired stylistic effect and is often inconsistent element here. In poetry rhythmical arrangement is a constant organic element — a natural outcome of poetic emotions.

**Simile**

is a figure of speech in which two objects are compared, one of them being likened to the other. A simile is a kind of comparison, but the latter is more general and is not necessarily used for artistic purposes. A simile is introduced with the help of special grammatical means such as conjunctions than, as if, like or may be suggested by such verbs as remind, resemble and seem.

Ex: *Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare* (G. Byron).

**Slang**

is a sub-group of non-standard colloquial layer of the vocabulary. It includes both words and phrases. These words and phraseology have originated in every day speech and exist on the periphery of the lexical system of the given language. They are continually forcing their way into the standard language. Slang is often humorous, witty and adds to the picturesqueness and expressiveness of the utterance.

Ex: *bread-basket* (= the stomach), *the cat's pyjamas* (=the correct thing).

**Suspense** (retardation)

is a compositional device which consists in arranging the matter of communication in such a way that the less important parts are amassed at the beginning, the main idea being withheld till the end of the sentence.

Ex: *Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages, ate their meat raw* (Ch. Lamb).

**Synecdoche**

is the simplest kind of metonymy: using the name of a part to denote the whole and v. v.

Ex: *The village sang and danced.*

**Zeugma**

is the use of a word in the same grammatical but different semantic relations to two adjacent words in the context. It's the realization of two meanings with the help of the verb which is made to refer to different objects.

Ex: *He had taken three weeks off and a ticket to Mentone.*

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